

VOL. XXII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

J. M. High & Co.

INTRODUCTORY SALE
—OF—
HAMBURG EMBROIDERY
—AND—
Torchon Lace Edges.
A SHIP LOAD
Direct From St. Gael
For Your Inspection.

Lot 1. 50 cases of new Hamburg Edges, 1-2 to 3 inches wide, 5c yard.

Lot 2. 40 cases new Hamburg Edges, 1-2 to 7 inches wide, 10c yard.

Lot 3. 30 cases new Hamburg Edges, 1 to 9 inches wide, 15c yard.

Lot 4. 25 cases new Hamburg Edges, 3 to 18 inches wide, 25c yard.

Lot 5. 2,000 pieces hand-made Torchon Edges, 1-4 to 3 inches wide, 5c yard.

Lot 6. 1,000 pieces hand-made Torchon Edges, 1-4 to 7 inches wide, 10c yard.

These goods were all imported prior to the new tariff prices and are
DIRT CHEAP.

Make Up Your Underwear Now
See us for the material.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

J. M. High & Co.

THE SCHOOLS OPEN TOMORROW.

The Children Will Need

New Stockings!

200 dozen Misses' and Children's derby ribbed, seamless, warranted fast black Stockings, at

15 Cents Pair.

Ladies' Stockings!

100 dozen pairs plain, fast black, Louis Hermsdorf dye, warranted, stainless,

25 Cents Pair.

Ladies' black and solid colored, all wool, seamless Hose,

25 Cents Pair.

50 dozen Gents' fast black, guaranteed, seamless Hose,

25 Cents Pair.

WHITE QUILTS.

2 cases full twelve-quarter, \$1.25 value, at

\$1.00 Each.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

J. M. High & Co.

DO YOU WANT A DRESS?

Here's A Hummer.

125 pieces 38-inch wool Dress Flannel, brown and blue shadings,

17 Cents Yard.

\$1.95

In small change is all we ask this week for an elegant silver-mounted, paragon frame, Gloria Silk Umbrella, worth \$2.50. This is a rare bargain.

LADIES'

All wool, Jersey ribbed **KNIT VESTS,**

Opera shades, \$1.50 value, to be closed at

75 Cents Each.

IF YOU WEAR THEM HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

200 DOZEN MEN'S COTTON KNIT DRAWERS,

15 Cents Pair.

Other goods in same proportion.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

J. M. High & Co.

Domestics Retailed
—AT—
Wholesale Prices!

We are the only people who do it.

3 cases 32-inch Oxford bleached domestic, 5c yd.

A good 10c 4-4 bleached cotton, without dressing, at 8c yard.

Double-fold night gown, cotton, at 8 1-2c yard.

Uncle Remus unbleached domestic, at 4 1-2c yd.

Good 10-4 sheeting at 20c yard.

Soft-finished Cambric, 10c value at 7 1-2c yard.

2 cases extra quality check nainsook, at 6 1-2c yard.

SOILED BLANKETS.
ABOUT 40 PAIRS.

The price is merely nominal.

SEE THEM.

YOUR FEET NEED ATTENTION!

We can fit them—in the best values, at the smallest cost of any Atlanta concern.

1,000 prs. Ziegler Bros.' French Kid Button Boots, hand sewed, for three days only, at \$2.50; regular price, \$5.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

J. M. High & Co.

Men's genuine calf custom-made Shoes, \$2.50; worth \$4.

Misses' goat school Shoe, solar tip, sizes 11 to 2, \$1 pair.

Boys' custom-made school Shoes, 2 1-2 to 5, \$1.50 pair.

SHOES
FOR EVERYBODY.

Job in Ribbons!

All Silk Gros Grain, sat-in edge, assorted colors, 7 to 16,

10c Yard.

Evening Fabrics!

THIS WEEK

Or Not At All!

AT THESE PRICES.

Striped and Tinsel Nets, all the new and fashionable tints. We have shown them up to now at \$1.50 yard. Price to close only

69 Cents.

60 pieces evening Surahs, worth 65c, at 42 1/2c yard.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

J. M. High & Co.

25-INCH CHINAS!

Delicate and beautiful tints; all here, 90c value at

69c Yard.

Black Silks!

3 pieces 24-inch black gros grain Dress Silks, tip-top all the year round at

\$1.19.

KEEP WARM

BUY A WRAP,

Jacket, Long Cloak

—OR—
FUR CAPE

Of us. We are closing our stock.

We don't ask half-price for garments now on hand.

Real Astrakhan Capes

\$5 Each.

Gossamers, either circular or Connemara effect; best goods, 98c each.

Black Repellent Waterproofs, cloth effects; the neatest storm coat a lady can wear; \$3.50 goods at only \$1.50.

J. M. High & Co.
IMPORTERS.

\$1,000.00
ON EASY TERMS

WILL BUY A

BEAUTIFUL, HIGH,

SHADED LOT,

FRONTING EAST

—ON—
RAPID TRANSIT,

IF TAKEN AT ONCE.
Kempton, Delkin & Co.,

6 East Alabama St.

Ansley Bros.—Real Estate!

PAITIES SUFFERING FOR BARGAINS
Please notice these offered below:

\$4,100—Bonlevard lot, east front 60x175, nearly opposite Judge Hopkins's; must be sold.

\$7,500—2 lovely Forest avenue lots, 50x150 each, \$2,500—5-room house and lot, 50x200, on Richardson street, 10 blocks west of Pryor, cheap.

\$5,500—Elegant West End home, 7 rooms, water and gas; lot 81x300, nicely shaded, very desirable.

\$2,500—New 6-room house and lot, Highland avenue, near Boulevard, on electric line.

\$1,400—Young street lot, close to Edgewood avenue, nicely shaded, near in, 70x150, very cheap.

\$3,000—Nice crew street home; lot 50x170.

VALUABLE LAND SALE
—BY—
WARE & OWENS
AUCTIONEERS.

We will sell on Tuesday, January 6, 1891, before the courthouse door, in Fulton county, Georgia, within the legal hours of sale,

202 1/2 ACRES OF LAND

within three miles of the city of Atlanta and only one-half mile from the Central railroad, double track and heavy train to Hapeville, same being land lot No. one hundred and twenty-four (124) and a part of the S. Alexander Smith estate.

This land lies in one body, and is the most valuable tract in Fulton county.

Call at our office and get pink. Go and look at the property or come by and we will take you to see it, and be at the sale on next Tuesday. Terms of sale, cash.

WARE & OWENS,
Auctioneers.

Jan-Sp top col

NOTICE!

REAL ESTATE CHANGE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE THIRD
interest of William A. Sprague, in the real estate and renting business of B. S. Drake & Co., we will hereafter conduct the business under the firm name of Drake & Owens. We have, what we consider a bargain, in the way of a fruit farm and vineyard, consisting of thirty acres, a portion of which lies within the incorporated limits of Hapeville, Ga., six acres in scuppernon grapes, five acres in La Combe pears, 300 wild goose plum trees, also, peaches, apples, figs, apricots, mulberries, jacks, etc. The improvements are: New 5-room house, kitchen and servants' house, wine house, stable, etc. Call for price and full description.

\$1,500 for 2 1/2-room cottages on electric line; now renting for \$150 per annum; buy these.

\$5,000 lot, 78x135, between the two Peachtrees, on North avenue.

\$8,500 will buy a modern home on Luckie street; close in; 7 rooms; one-half cash.

\$2,000—New 6-room house, Stonewall street.

\$5,000—Come and see what we offer in the way of 10 cottages on a lot, 230x350 feet, fronting on Hunnicutt, Mills and Parker streets, near West Peachtree; many about \$600 per annum.

Woodward & Mountain
36 & 38 W. Alabama St.,
(Maddox, Rucker & Co. Bank Building.)
Real Estate Dealers.

We handle no property except that which we own as a whole or in part, or that which we absolutely control. If you want to deal with principals, call on us. If you have good property for sale, it will pay you to place it in our hands. We are building the electric line to West End and McPherson Barracks, and own or control nearly all the property contiguous to the line that is for sale. We control more good investment property than any house in the city.

We offer 300 acres along the route of the New Belt Line, now being surveyed, between Van Winkle's and the Central railroad. This will pay 200 per cent inside of two years.

20 lots on Piedmont avenue and Myrtle street, north of Ponce de Leon avenue. Choice property.

150 lots in Arlington Heights, on Green's Ferry avenue, between Chestnut and Ashby streets. Capitalists can double their money on above within six months.

32 lots fronting the electric line in the south part of the city.

A choice vacant lot, nicely shaded, on West Peachtree, near North avenue, 94x130. This fronts Peters park.

50 lots on East Fair street dummy line—"very cheap."

25 acres fronting the Barracks Electric line, in lots of from 4 to 10 acres.

30 choice lots in Greenwood park, at low prices to home-seekers.

We have lots and acreage everywhere and for all classes of people.

Come and see, 12x110.

nov-dty-sp **WOODWARD & MOUNTAIN.**

Brown & Watson,

14 E. Alabama St.

WE OFFER THIS WEEK THE FOLLOWING
bargains:
\$40 per front foot for 125 feet on Boulevard.
\$4,000 takes 110x700 feet on Meade st.; a bargain.
\$4,500 takes a nice little cottage and six lots on Boulevard.
\$3,000 takes a fine lot near Van Winkle's; a bargain.
\$1,500 buys a small cottage on Vine st.; lot 50x170.
\$3,000 takes a beautiful lot on Loverly st.
\$5,000 will buy nice 6-r. cottage at West End.
\$1,000 each for 3 beautiful lots on Pryor, on electric line.
\$1,500—4-r. house and two lots, 50x150, near Van Winkle's.
\$6,000—7-r. house and 78x200, on Ponce de Leon avenue.
\$4,000—7-r. house and 50x160, on West Baker st.
\$2,000—5-r. b. on Calhoun street, 94x130.
\$275 for 30 acres on Boulevard.
\$4,000—6-r. cottage on Courtland, 120x110.
\$1,250—Beautiful lot on Hilliard st., 50x120.
\$25 per foot for 120x185, on Boulevard.
\$750 per acre 7 acres, close to Ponce de Leon springs.
If you want your property sold, let it with us.

BATES & HALL,
Stocks, Bonds and Loans
14 WEST ALABAMA STREET.

ATLANTA REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE,

No 55, Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

In a week or two the usual influx of northern people will begin to arrive, and from advice the number of investors much larger than usual.

The people of the northern and eastern states are rapidly turning their attention to the great opportunities offered capital in the south, and Atlanta being the center of greatest development, we are confidently anticipating a large movement in real estate during the coming months.

Those who may wish to dispose of their property, if they will favor us with description and price, will have it advertised free of charge and exceptional opportunities of disposing of it. All classes of real estate are in demand, especially acreage and desirable houses.

We offer the following bargains:
30 acres 3 miles from center of city, close to belt line, \$3,200.
6 lots on Calhoun street, fine shade and graded, \$25 per foot.
10 lots on Myrtle street, adjoining above, \$20 per foot. These are the choicest residence lots on the market at the price offered.

5 acres near McPherson barracks and close to electric line, very beautifully, \$2,250.

4 acres close to Peachtree road and belt line, \$425 per acre.

Mr. E. L. Mobley, my son Forrest, or I, personally, will be pleased to show customers anything they may want in that line, and will consider it a favor if his friends will call upon him.

ROBERT MILLEK, L. MCINTOSH WARD,
Manager, Secretary and Treasurer

G. W. ADAIR,

Real Estate.

THE NEW YEAR IS HERE AND I WANT to take this occasion to thank my customers for their patronage and invite new ones to come in and trade with me.

I have a thoroughly equipped office and pay close attention to the business I have sold during the year 1890, over \$1,000,000 worth of real estate, and I do not know of a dissatisfied purchaser.

My real department is in charge of Forest and Mr. John H. Grove who have ample experience and will keep your houses rented, collect promptly, look after repairs, insurance, etc., and my cashier, Mr. Rufus A. Howard, will make statements and returns when desired.

THE DRESDEN

CORNER DECATUR AND PRYOR STREETS.

SPECIAL

Holiday Announcement.

We will give a discount of 10 per cent off on all our

DINNER SETS

From now until New Year's day. The largest variety of Dinner Sets in the city.

L. A. MUELLER

YOU CANNOT BUY

GOLD DOLLARS

FOR FIFTY CENTS.

No one expects to do so.

The prices we will name you on

ALL KINDS OF CLOTHING

For the next few days will be something akin to buying gold at fifty cents on the dollar. The goods are here and must be sold.

Petzer's Clothing Store

THE NEW YEAR DAWNS WITH PROMISE TO THE TRADESMEN OF ATLANTA.

Stories That Show the Prospects
Bright.

EVERY LINE OF TRADE IS HEALTHY.

Brief Interviews With Business
Men and Financiers.

The new year beams bright with promise to the tradesmen of Atlanta.

Business opens with a healthy pulse, and business men have all entered upon the year with full satisfaction and many cheerful hopes. Atlanta's trade is solid. It has not been materially crippled by the recent tightness of the country's financial affairs, but has stood firmly the shock that proved too much for other cities and other sections.

With a view to sizing up the prospects of Atlanta's commercial progress for the ensuing year, THE CONSTITUTION has sought to obtain brief interviews with prominent business men and financiers representing every branch of trade in the city.

It is interesting to observe the tenor of their almost unanimous verdict in Atlanta's favor.

A BRILLIANT SHOWING.

Ex-Governor Bullock, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Atlanta Cotton Mills, says:

"The outlook for the year 1891 is very cheering for our section of country. All our industries seem to be on a sound footing, and the established lines of trade have passed through the ordeal of curtailed credit. The Christmas cash trade has been ahead of previous seasons, and there seems to be abundant remunerative work for all kinds of artisans.

There is more substantial building of brick and stone than heretofore, and there were never so many homes under construction as at present.

"The new railroads which have been built within the state are now earning their fixed charges, and as the country which they penetrate becomes settled, new farms and other industries, the traffic will be still more remunerative. All the old lines are earning dividends for their stockholders in addition to fixed charges. The state's railroad property has just completed the payment of \$6,000,000 of net revenue into the state treasury, and will largely increase that amount hereafter. Our cotton receipts are ahead of last year, and the general trade of the city is in most excellent condition.

"The influx of new citizens from near-by states and towns is something unprecedented. The great advantage of Atlanta as a distributive point, and for central headquarters, has attracted to us the general managers of all the great corporations, and our city's influence in financial and material things is not equaled by any other city between Baltimore and New Orleans.

"The recent check to credits and withdrawal of confidence has been less disastrous in our section because our banks and merchants have always been conservative. Now that credits have been generally re-established, it will be found that our banks are not only sound, but have been doing a safe and profitable business.

"The condormium as to the effect upon business of proposed federal legislation is not so easy to guess. The money enters north and east are afraid that the effect of free silver coinage will be a premium on gold, and thus contract the currency down to the volume of silver money. This, of course, would be disastrous to every interest.

"Opinions as to what ought to be done by congress are abundant. I have recently expressed my own in answer to your inquiry, and I have seen no reason to change it. Free coinage of silver could not bring harm if the coin contained a dollar's worth of silver according to the world's gold standard. A government bond at a low rate of interest, convertible into currency on demand, and available as a basis of free national banking, would maintain the universal value of the paper currency as at present, and substitute stability as to the quantity of circulating medium for the present legal limit, which is arbitrary and not readily adjustable to the needs of trade.

"Then the hoarding of money by banks or individuals could not, as now, bring about the condition of things we have recently had, where the value of actual staple commodities was reduced below legitimate figures, simply because securities and credits could not be promptly exchanged for cash.

"There is nothing in the condition of our section to even suggest a want of confidence for the future. The brilliant record of our recent past will be surpassed in the present year."

THEY'RE MOVING TO ATLANTA.

Mr. H. G. Sanders said: "As a matter of course in this off-hand way, I am only able to give mere expressions, but much as I am opposed to putting guesses on record, I think I can safely say that the prospect for trade and business is most flattering to every line in Atlanta for the new year.

"So far as the general business outlook is concerned, I do not know of a single line that has diminished during the past year, or that has not the brightest prospects of increasing during the ensuing year. A great talk is made as to the stringency of the money situation, and the falling off of business owing to recent unfavorable legislation by the general government, but from the Atlanta standpoint I think such talk is groundless.

"Later on, when the Chamber of Commerce issues its annual report, I shall be enabled to give THE CONSTITUTION definite and reliable statistics regarding business and manufacturing, when I have no doubt that the statements I now make will be justified.

"One thing occurs to me as being particularly interesting in this line, and that is the frequent letters that come to the Chamber of Commerce from every section of the country, inquiring about the city's business. Bank writers state that his object in asking is prompted by the desire to come here and locate. In many cases they are coming from time to time to observe. This proves that Atlanta's outlook for the new year is a most inviting one, to say the least."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Messrs. Bain & Kirkpatrick talk thus: "Business will not open as bright this year as it might, for the obvious reason that cotton is being held back so persistently. We do not mean to say, however, that we have lost confidence in what the year will bring forth, for it is really uncertain. No one can guess at this period how the business of the incoming year will be characterized.

"If there is a rise in cotton we look for a healthy and active trade. Our trade last year was healthy throughout, but of course was slightly checked by the tightness of the money situation. The chief injury being the lack of cotton. We enter the new year hopefully if not confident. It doesn't open so bright as we could wish, but all is well at the end well, and we think the year will end well."

BRADSTREET'S AGENCY.

Mr. Henry Leonard, agent for the Bradstreet Mercantile Agency in the city, said: "It is really very hard to guess just now, in the very outset of the new year, what it has in store for the business men and the general growth of Atlanta. Very much depends upon the cotton world.

"Up to the present time I have reported comparatively few failures, which certainly serve to show that the business of Atlanta is healthy. If this were not true, the business men could not have stood so firmly the tightness of the money situation.

"I firmly believe that the farmers and merchants have both entered upon the new year with better prospects than for sometime.

"Altogether, I conceive the outlook to be very good."

THE DANGER OF HOLDING COTTON.

Mr. Oglesby, of Oglesby & Meador, said: "I agree to all we assume. Concerning the 25th of January, 1891, we will open our regular course of carving, designing and plaster classes. Those wishing lessons will apply to J. H. Hamilton, Room No. 137 West Mitchell street."

RED GHOST.

The Apparition of the Camel and the Dead Man—Its Possible Meaning.

From The New York Sun.

Red Ghost is yet a phantom, though he was doubtless once thought to be a creature without a material body by the superstitious Indians, in whose camps he visited during the first years of his wildness.

Red Ghost was a camel—a big, ugly, sand-colored beast, the largest and wickedest of the kind turned loose by the Government in the valley of Salt river years ago. These camels were brought to Arizona, with the idea that they would be useful for packing the soldiers' camp stuff across the southwestern deserts, but somehow they did not, and rather than feed them the officers turned them loose. For years they ranged through the hills there, startling lonely prospectors in their camps, and long and short of their stake ropes and occasionally breaking the fences and devastating the fields of some isolated rancher. Every little while one of the band would be felled by the cowboys. A circus brought one or two several were shot, and all the others were driven into the wilderness of the Upper Salt and Gila rivers.

During the big Apache raid of '82 a strange story came in from a camp of Mexican placer miners on the San Francisco river. One night something tore right through their camp, scattering their fire and stampeding their stock. They were several times chased, and rather than feed them the officers turned them loose. For years they ranged through the hills there, startling lonely prospectors in their camps, and long and short of their stake ropes and occasionally breaking the fences and devastating the fields of some isolated rancher. Every little while one of the band would be felled by the cowboys. A circus brought one or two several were shot, and all the others were driven into the wilderness of the Upper Salt and Gila rivers.

Two days later a rancher on Blue river, forty miles from the place camp, saw a great red, rough hand, and a pair of sharp claws, and for an instant in the dusk, he declared that it was ridden by something that looked like a man. He heard no screams, or indeed any sound, but he saw the thing as it came through the brush. He was too frightened to give any description of what he saw, and his vision was generally set down by the incredulous Americans as simply the result of too much mesquite.

But others saw it. Some of the places at which it appeared were 200 miles away from where it was first seen.

"The Phœnix of Colorado," the Mexicans called it, and this was translated by the white men into "Red Ghost."

Finally a man who had courage enough to look at it charged past him, and said that it was a big camel with something on its back.

Then a party of prospectors saw it, grazing a long way off, near the head of Chaco's cañon, and they fired at it. After the shot it was missed, but as the creature sprang away, something dropped from it. They picked it up. It was a heavy book, and the cover was what was left of a man's leg from the knee down.

Though stripped of its supernatural attributes, the name Red Ghost stuck to the camel. He was seen several times after the way he hummed through the air and the loop settled around the camel's neck.

Red Ghost was caught.

The camel did not propose to give up his freedom so easily. With a scream he charged right at the man on horseback. The rider had played with too many mean bulls to be caught by any such manœuvre. A jerk brought the cowboy out of his stupor, and he swung him to one side, so that the screaming brute passed harmlessly. A bull's wild rush is made blindly with head down. When he misses his momentum carries him straight on, and the object of his attack. This gives the cowboys time to recover and throw another coil.

With the camel it was different. His eyes were open, and his head extended, and when he made the charge, he was back to the attack almost before the pony had got his hoofs again on the ground. He struck the horse full in the side. The blow knocked the pony flat. Before the man could disentangle himself the camel had him by the thigh. It was a vicious bite, and tore the muscles frightfully. Then, with a long snarl, the camel went galloping, and left him untrammelled, except for the few feet of the lasso still hung to his saddle.

When they found the cowboy he was almost dead from loss of blood. He did die of his injuries, but first he told the story of his adventures with the camel. He declared that there was a man's body on the camel's back. They returned to the scene of the encounter and found the bones of an arm, with the dried skin still hanging to it, and a skull to which the back hair still hung.

Then they organized parties to hunt Red Ghost and learn the mystery of his gruesome pack. They didn't get Red Ghost then. A party did get a sight of him, and he rode over a ridge, but he had lost his burden and went like the wind. They chased him, but the stout ponies were no match for the creature over the loose, sandy hills.

All this happened years ago. Since the killing of the cowboy on the upper Gila, Red Ghost has frequently been seen.

Three weeks ago Harry Jackson, Humphries, who runs a ranch on Eagle creek, peered out of his window just about daybreak. There in the middle of his tomato patch stood the big red camel, playing at hide-and-seek with the vines. Happy Jack crawled back to the corner of his cabin and got his Winchester. He took a dead rest over the sill and let go. Down went Red Ghost over the tomato vines. Another bullet struck him in the side, and when the rancher went out to examine the dead beast he found strips of rawhide wound and twisted all over his back, his shoulders, and his head. He was covered with rawhide, and certain knots and fastenings that are made with buckskin and rawhide that no white man will take the trouble to learn. So when Happy Jack's eyes glanced over the rawhide and arrow-head spikes he exclaimed:

"Apaches!"

He mentioned the circumstances at the San Carlos reservation, and some inquiry was made among the Indians.

The finding of the boot with the desiccated leg inside and the other circumstances of the time were all brought back to mind, but the Apache on the reservation is not anxious to talk of his cruelties, and all that could be found out was that about the time the placer camp was started by the screams and the rush of Red Ghost, Chaco's band of Apaches was on the San Francisco river on their bloody trail to the Sierra Madres. They killed a number of ranchers in this vicinity.

On Blue river there was a big sheep ranch. After the raid the manager of the ranch went out to look after the flocks. He found one hand of sheep scattered all over the country. He found the red and black heads of the Mexicans on the ground, and the man had disappeared, nor was anything further ever heard of him.

The Apache is fond of devising new tortures for his victims. Many of them are expert riata men. Did they lass Red Ghost, take Jesus Velazquez prisoner, bind him upon the camel's back, and turn him loose?

Perfect health is seldom found, for impure blood is so general. Hood's Sarsaparilla really purifies the blood, and restores to perfect health, when possible. Try it yourself.

T. Plant and Son.

Architectural stone and wood carvers, designers and makers of artistic furniture, interior decoration of plaster, No. 137 West Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga. Care of Maya Mantel Company. Awards with medals and diplomas at Philadelphia exposition, 1876; Vienna exposition, 1873; Cincinnati 1871; Academy of Art, Milano, 1862 and 1863; Berlin exposition, 1874.

Parties visiting our studio will readily appreciate and convince themselves of our ability and agree to all we assume. Commencing on the 25th of January, 1891, we will open our regular course of carving, designing and plaster classes. Those wishing lessons will apply to J. H. Hamilton & Son, No. 137 West Mitchell street.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WINTER HUMORS.

Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure. Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfeigned success. Cuticura, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the Cuticura Remedies cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

How to Cure Diseases of the Skin and Blood. Mail free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 30 Illustrations. A book of priceless value to every sufferer. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by PUTTING DERMATIC AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimples, Skin, Cuticura Soap, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cts.

PLANTA BEATRICE

KEEPS THE SKIN PERFECT IN ANY CLIMATE.

PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Flesh Worm Paste, Skin Refiner, PIMPLE REMOVER.

Whitens a Sallow Skin, Removes Moth and Liver Spots, Keeps the Skin from Chapping. To Travel with it is Indispensable.

PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Flesh Worm Paste, Skin Refiner, PIMPLE REMOVER.

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Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure. Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfeigned success. Cuticura, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the Cuticura Remedies cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

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NOTES OF THE THEATER

FRED WARDE'S NEW PLAY AS VIEWED BY HIMSELF.

A Story of Lamaitre—News and Gossip of the Stage—The Theater This Week.

The mention of Fred Warde's new play—it is going the rounds of the papers at present—recalls an interesting talk I had with Mr. Warde and his manager, Mr. Brower, in the great actor's room at the Kimball during his last visit to Atlanta. I use the word "great" in all calmness and deliberation, for I believe Warde is great in his delineation of virtuous roles in the legitimate, and I believe, too, that he is destined to achieve still greater triumphs as the years roll by.

"We have just been discussing—Mr. Brower and I—our plans for next season," said Mr. Warde, after the rather informal greeting he extended his visitor. He sat at the table in his room, puffing away on a huge pipe, and apparently enjoying it to the full. The papers and letters piled several inches deep before him seemed to indicate that the conference had, indeed, been business.

"Yes," continued Mr. Warde, "we have been discussing the future. In this business, as in all others—and in this probably more than in any other—we have continually to keep a look-out ahead."

"But this year's business with your Henry VIII production must be satisfactory," I suggested.

"Yes," and he hesitated slightly. "Yes—on an artistic standpoint decidedly so; but from a financial standpoint not so much so. We have made some money and will make more. A production of this kind is good for a season—perhaps two; but though we may try to disguise the facts even to ourselves, it must be evident to all that the day of what we call 'the legitimate' is fast passing away. Shakspeare appeals to the head rather than to the heart, and the people want their hearts appealed to. The successful plays are those that appeal to the human sympathies that are full of what you might call human interest. 'Virginia' will last because it has this interest. It will be popular when plays more meritorious than it are discarded. A literary standpoint, will fail; and however much I may feel gratified at the artistic success I may attain in a Shakspearean production, I have reached the time of life when I find the desire to be able to provide bountifully for my wife and family has a very strong hold on me."

"Then my sentiments, as the Vassar girl said to her printed copy of the Lord's Prayer," put in Mr. Brower.

"They are friends and neighbors, as well as business partners—these two good fellows—and they seem to agree on all points."

"Now, my idea," continued Mr. Warde, "is to get something more modern than the class of plays with which I have identified, something that will appeal strongly to the masses, and something which will give me an opportunity to do the work of which I believe I am capable. It should be, I think, a story of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, or later, and should not be devoid of comedy. I have the idea very strongly defined in my own mind, and when I find it I'll let you know."

The letter he wrote me about "The Lion's Mouth" came, I believe, from Indianapolis. The Mirror of last week devotes a column and more to the play and prints besides a letter to the author, Henry Gay Carleton, in which Mr. Warde expresses his views upon the subject about as he expressed them to me.

From the description given then "The Lion's Mouth" seems to fit the bill. The story is one of Venice in the days of the Doge.

Luigi, doge of Venice, has been driven from the city by a usurper, and he has sought shelter in Padua. With the exiled doge is Paul di Novaro, his son. Also in Padua are Francesco and Christopher, two desperadoes, who have been driven from Venice on account of their crimes. Presently there come to Padua two monks—one is Fra Angelo, whom the pope has directed to proceed to Venice to take charge of the inquisition. Francesco murders the monks and the old doge, assumes the cowl of Fra Angelo and proceeds to Venice to impersonate him. Meantime the old doge's son breathes vengeance on his assassins, and promises his dying father he will go to Venice and arm an insurrection against the usurper. Under the name of Rinaldo, Paul di Novaro enters Venice and meets to take vengeance. Each recognizes the other. Later Rinaldo meets Linora, a young girl he has met in Padua, and without knowing her to be the daughter of the usurper begins to woo her. Linora knows her lover under the name of Rinaldo. The insurrection gains headway and Paul di Novaro, the exile's son, is known to be at their head. Fra Angelo, who now fears for his life, denounces Paul di Novaro and prevails on Linora to put his name in the famous Lion's Mouth. Rinaldo is seized and brought before the doge. Linora then knows for the first time that she has herself condemned her lover to death. Fra Angelo offers to save Rinaldo by swearing to him from his friends without the walls of Venice. Rinaldo refuses and Fra Angelo puts his name in the Lion's Mouth. Instantly Rinaldo denounces Fra Angelo as Francesco, the outlaw. Fra Angelo then tries to kill Rinaldo, but the doors of the room are burst open and the insurgents arrive. The usurper is dethroned. Paul di Novaro is the new doge.

The Theater in a recent issue contains a little sketch of the great Lamaitre which is worth reproduction. Lamaitre was coaching the scarcely less celebrated Lafontaine in a certain role. The instructions began subsequent to the regular performance at the theater—sometimes between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. Frederic would invite Lafontaine to his quarters in the Boulevard du Temple, and after a sumptuous repast would recline upon a divan and order his pupil to go through a chosen scene, embracing the gamut of emotions—loud cries, weeping, laughing, etc. "Let us suppose," he said one evening, to his brilliant eleven, "you are a petty official in comparatively comfortable circumstances. You have been married for three years. Today is the birthday of the wife you worship; she has gone out, and you are utilizing the time in preparing a few delightful surprises for her—a bouquet, a present, and a supper, somewhat like this one here. Suddenly, while you are busied with the preparations, you find a letter which tells you she has most shamefully deceived you. Now, then, endeavor to make me weep. Lafontaine begins. He spreads the table cloth tidily, without assistance—for Frederic was particular to details—and places a bouquet, the while smiling happily, upon the table. He laughs, pictures to himself the pleasure his adored wife will soon experience, and in a moment of ebullient impatience, he opens a bureau drawer in which his present is secreted, and finds the letter. He simulates an agonized cry, in which he endeavors to depict his shattered happiness. Proud of his achievement, he awaits applause from "le maitre." To his utter astonishment he hears these words: "What! you love your wife above everything in the world, believe in her simplicity, and at the first bit of paper that falls into your hands you believe every word it contains? Silence! Sit down there and

see how I will swallow the pill." Then Lamaitre commenced.

He opens the bureau drawer. "Ah! a letter!" He turns it over several times, scans the contents without appearing to comprehend, throws the letter back into the drawer, and continues to arrange the table. "And yet it is singular—this letter—" He again takes the letter in hand, reads it anew, slowly, shrugs his shoulders pitifully, and throws it upon the table. "Nonsense, that is untrue—it is impossible!" He will explain everything to me when he returns—" But how his hands tremble as he continues to arrange the table. His eyes are riveted upon the letter—that terrible letter. At last he can endure it no longer; he must read it again—and this time he understands only too well—the blood rushes to the heart—he appears to suffocate—he falls back in a chair and gasps.

Harry Watchman, the business manager of "The Old Homestead," is one of those lucky fellows who are always with some winning attraction. In "The Homestead" he has probably the best advertised play on the American stage, and the greatest money maker.

"Our business through the south," he said, in response to a question from me, "has been beyond our expectations. We were a little afraid of the south because the play has been so strongly billed as a play of New England farm life that we feared the people of those states, being unfamiliar with that life, might not be interested in it. The opposite has been the result. No section of the country has patronized 'The Homestead' more liberally than the south. Our second nights are always better than our first, though we have invariably played to almost the full capacity of the theaters upon our first appearances. Why does the play have so great a hold? Well, it is a play of American farm life, and in all its essential elements farm life is the same through the length and breadth of the continent. There the play is a novelty in its simplicity. It affords the mental relaxation that the search for which draws the busy world to the theater."

I have marveled at the hold the play has on the people. I have heard men say that the tears rolled down their cheeks "when that load of hay was put 'ed on the stage." This enthusiasm must be due to the fact that the strong men of today spent their boyhood on the farm, and that Mr. Thompson's play carries them back to their boyhood days. Every man who has lived on a farm, no matter how hard that life was during the living, remembers only the pleasant, happy part; and every man who has never lived on a farm hopes some day to do so. Plays of this class appeal, therefore, to everybody. They have to the fullest possible extent the human interest of which Mr. Warde speaks. In fact, they have little, if any, else.

The son of his father? That's what! The theatergoers of Atlanta have never been given a more delightful surprise than they were in the magnificent work of the younger Salvini last week. He came without any great flourish of trumpets, without any great boom, without, in short, anything more than the announcement of the fact that Mr. Salvini would appear in three of the plays of his repertoire, supported by a capable company.

A genuine revelation was his acting. There's a man with the fires of genius beneath his dark Italian skin. He's the son of his father. Salvini files has come to stay.

Mary Anderson's permanent retirement from the stage is formally announced. She refused even to see Henry Abbey when he called on her the other day to try to induce her to make one more tour of America.

This is genuine. No Patti business here.

Julia Marlowe, who has been sick for some weeks in Philadelphia, is now trying to break with Falk, the photographer, who has been her backer. She claims he has not filled his part of the contract, he claims he has. It is announced that Laurence Barrett will manage the young star next season—this on the supposition, I presume, that the contract with Falk is broken.

Alexander Costello tells a good story of how Jones and Pettit got Eugene Tompkins to accept "The Soudan." The story sounds a little fishy, but it is his, not mine: "While the play had a highly successful season in London, Mr. Tompkins was loath to take the play without something more impressive than that commendation alone or a mere reading, never a satisfactory test of a play's worth. The playwrights thereupon had a miniature stage, scenes and effects made with clay figures of their characters, sought out Tompkins at his hotel, rung up the curtain on their drama, and while Jones manipulated the characters by means of concealed wires, Pettit delivered the accompanying lines from the manuscript. Tompkins sat rooted to his chair two hours and a half and when the play was done immediately closed a contract for the American rights of the piece at the playwrights' own terms."

Of 3,000 light-hearted, sanguine hands of players who set out for fame and fortune at the beginning of the present season, 718 survive. The others have fallen by the wayside. Here is the assortment of lucky companies still on the road: 2 pantomime troupes, 22 opera companies, 18 presenting standard tragedies, 190 presenting society plays, 65 presenting melo-drama, 213 presenting farce comedies, 18 minstrel bands, 36 variety organizations, 23 magicians, 6 horse shows, 3 companies of educated animals, 100 comedy drama organizations.

THE THEATER THIS WEEK.



James O'Neill.

The coming of James O'Neill tomorrow and Tuesday makes an important epoch in the history of the stage. No actor is more favorably known than Mr. O'Neill, who stands foremost in the rank of romantic actors, and among the leaders of the wealthy actors of America. His wonderful success in "Monte Cristo" as played by him over 2,500 times, made for him fame and fortune, but his creation of the famous character of Robert Landry in Mr. Henry Irving's great production, "The Dead Heart," has added to his fame and likewise to his fortune. The triumph scored by him in this artistic historical production is mainly due to his keen perception of true art, his wise selection of a great company, and his wonderful work in the portrayal of this most difficult role. "The Dead Heart" is a strong historical

story, full of startling situations, thrilling events and great climaxes. The elaborateness of the stage accessories and the scenic production of the different epochs of the French revolution add in no small degree to the great success achieved by O'Neill in this, his great stage triumph. The story of "The Dead Heart" is one of love, revenge and intrigue. Love triumphs even though the life of a man is sacrificed for the honor of his name. "The Dead Heart" is a strong and wonderful production is evidenced by the packed and enthusiastic houses that Mr. O'Neill never fails in this play to receive certain calls at the end of every act, and the critics are loud and frequent in the enthusiastic laudations of the fine and artistic work accomplished by Mr. O'Neill in this character. The sale of seats opened on Thursday morning, and from the numberless inquiries received by Manager DeGue, indications point to the fact that standing room will be in demand. The critics in each city that we have visited have devoted, not lines, but columns, to this production, and no matter how great, nor how many very dry, and there was no straining after effect. The play abounded in wit, while there was not an unpleasant sentiment thrown out of the entire piece. The scenery was particularly fine, the eagle's cliff, the ivy-clad tower and the house were natural and easy, and there was no cooling being occupied. The play, which has often been seen in Boston before, appealed to the sympathies of the audience, and the actors were awarded hearty applause at the close of each act. The various scenes were natural and easy, and there was no straining after effect. The play abounded in wit, while there was not an unpleasant sentiment thrown out of the entire piece. The scenery was particularly fine, the eagle's cliff, the ivy-clad tower and the house were natural and easy, and there was no cooling being occupied. 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VOL. XXII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

SECOND WEEK OF THE GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

OF

FINE GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE!

Five new carloads placed on my floors ready for this week's demands. All correct designs from Nelson, Mattor & Co., Phoenix Furniture Company, of Grand Rapids. Hundreds of eager buyers supplied during the past week, and thousands of dollars shipped all over Georgia. Nothing has ever equaled these sales in the history of the Furniture trade of Atlanta, and never has such Fine Furniture been offered anywhere in the South at SUCH LOW PRICES. My floors represent nearly \$100,000 worth of the most elegant output of brain and brawn in this country. I can show you over 200 complete Dining Room Suites, Sideboards, Tables and Chairs to match, in Antique, English and Bay Oak. The suites must be seen to be appreciated.

THE BEST \$15 SIDEBOARD IN AMERICA!

I can show you over 400 Beautiful Chamber Suites in Oak, Cremona, Mahogany and Walnut. Many of these works of art are very elaborate, and all of them absolutely first-class. Their value prices are down to half. Now is the time to buy.

A FEW LEADERS:

300 Solid Oak Suites, only \$18. 25 Embossed Plush Suites, only \$23.50. Solid Oak Wardrobes, only \$15. 20 Roll Top Desks, 4-feet double, \$25. 500 Spring Beds and Mattresses ver cheap. 200 Drawing Room and Parlor Suites, many of them in elegant Brocaded Satin, of rarest designs and softest neutral tints. 50 pieces handsome leather-covered Furniture in light tan colors. Turkish Lounges and luxurious Chairs and Rockers. Every article on this floor has been marked down to half-price to meet the demands and clear out the full line.

Wardrobes, Hat Racks, Book Cases, Cabinets, China Closets, Sideboards, Chiffoniers, Fancy Tables, with hundreds of odd pieces, at less than half-prices. 25 handsome Walnut Sideboards very cheap.

Get prices elsewhere and get my prices on the same goods, and, if mine are not cheaper and better, do not buy them. Everyone that reads this paper, in Atlanta and out of Atlanta, will be wise if they visit my warehouses during this FURNITURE WAR.

OVER \$10,000 WORTH OF HANDSOME WALNUT FURNITURE

Being placed on my floors. The demand for this old standby is growing every day. Remember, my goods are all new and fresh. My stock is being replenished every day. Just as fast as one piece is removed, the place is filled with something different and probably more attractive. It will pay you wherever you are to come to Atlanta to supply your wants in this line. Important changes make this sale imperative. Every article in my warehouse will be sold. I am furnishing handsome houses every day. Many are selling their old furniture and buying the more designs. It will you to call and compare prices. Everybody will receive polite treatment, whether they wish to buy or not. Come and see the handsomest assortment of neat, fine Furniture in the South. Remember also the second week of the great clearing out sale at P. H. SNOOK.

RANCH LIFE

IN SOUTHWEST TEXAS, AND RANCH
DEATH AS WELL.

A Story of Persecution and Murder—The
Story of a Handsome and Unfor-
tunate Boy.

BUENA VENTURA RANCH, Crockett County,
Texas, December 26.—I was spending Christmas
at Dos Hermanos sheep ranch in southern
Texas.

It was a big and beautiful ranch in a beautiful country. Fine open valleys and draws, and cozy sheltered hollows, clothed with rich mesquite grass and the various little weeds that the dainty and fastidious sheep loves, were flanked and buttressed by low, conical, or lumpy, flat-topped, Egyptian looking hills. The plains, too, were only a couple of miles to the northward, and looking from there toward these pyramidal hills, with the everlasting silence about, and the sunlight lying softly over all the landscape's face, with its brooding loveliness, its majestic serenity and repose, seemed to wear a significance, a smile of inscrutable meaning, like that of Egypt, but lacking the awe, the dread that Egypt inspires. The house—a large and comfortable one for this almost semi-tropical region of tents and tents and three or four box-houses—was full and running over, and a half dozen young fellows were camped in a little hollow close by; the weather was delightful, fairly meriting the adjective superb; one day followed another, warm, soft, brilliant, the air dry, crisp and bracing, like the brightest and best of October weather in the middle states.

The boys had worked hard all day long on the 23d, when we arrived, rigging racks, making lances and arranging seats for a grand tournament on Christmas eve; everybody was tired, and by mutual consent we went to bed early to be ready for the next day's festivities. When the contestants all rode up and saluted, my eye was at once caught by two figures that came from a tent a little apart from the general camp in the draw. One was a big Saxon blonde, six feet two or three inches in height, with his fair skin burned to a uniform dark red, from which a pair of fine, honest eyes looked out with startling brightness. His features were of a singularly large and regular mould, with a throat and chin so beautiful, a mouth so heavy yet correct, and a nose so high between the eyes that it gave him a slightly bucolic look, like ancient Apollon. His proportions were more fine and just than you would often see in so big a man; he carried his head and shoulders magnificently, and his bearing in the saddle was past criticism.

Beside him rode a boy of about twenty. He was of ordinary size, slightly but strongly built, had a pale, olive face, great black eyes and clustering, dark hair. It was a face that somehow appealed to you. Although so full now of life and spirit, it had a suggestion of keen sensitiveness of hidden capacity for suffering. He was on an uncommonly fine and spirited black pony; his saddle was of superb and ornate Mexican workmanship, and a big white sombrero, glittering with silver, shaded the splendid eyes. While they paused in front of us I saw him look among the spectators as though seeking someone, then an electric smile passed over his face, he raised the big hat and touched a knot of red ribbon on the side of it. I looked up and saw Louie, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of the house, blushing and bowing, and I smiled to myself.

"Who are they?" I asked Mrs. Flint, and she replied quite as if I had indicated them.

"O, David and —" "Goliath," I interrupted. "No, indeed, David and Jonathan. The tall one is Paul Melton, a young sheep man over on Live Oak, and the boy is his inseparable, a sort of protegee, and a partner, I believe, in a small way."

"Mark used to drink and gamble, I think, and young Melton got hold of him, straightened him up, and has held on to him ever since. They are always together; you never see one without the other."

"Mark—I don't believe I ever knew his other name—carried off the most rings and rode up glowing with victory, to crown Louie queen of love and beauty."

"As I looked away from the pretty picture, I saw the blonde giant standing near in a studiously unconcerned attitude, but with an expression of affectionate pride on his great, frank face. After this we had a general display of horsemanship and a great deal of skylarking."

There is no finer sight, to my mind, than a troop of well-mounted men; there is nothing arouses my enthusiasm and admiration more than the sight of a single horseman, and the enthusiasm and enjoyment increases in a geometrical progression with the number of horsemen engaged. Here there were twelve or fifteen, among the best riders I have ever seen, all mounted on fine and well-trained horses. It is very easy to talk about picking up handkerchiefs and quarters from the ground, leaping on and off a horse, or hanging on and enjoying the ride, but when you see a man in each arm while the two horses spring under his neck, all the while going at full gallop, but there are not so many, even among thorough-going cow men, who can perform such feats of horsemanship and endurance as these and many more to admiration, there was no poor or even mediocre work. Young Melton's riding was something magnificent; he sat like a tower on his strong iron gray, and as he came sweeping down the track the impression of force and power was tremendous, overwhelming—he was like an embodied thunderbolt. He bore down upon two fellows who were racing, ran the gray between them, grasped right and left and went on with a man in each arm while the two horses sprang away with empty saddles. Everybody applauded loudly. "Melton's scooped the whole race, Hurrah for Melton!" "What 'd ye have the horses for, Melton?"

But the boy's was a very form for the eyes of young love to linger on. The spare young outline, the lithe, springing grace, the light alertness and vigor, and fearlessness! He seemed a glowing incarnation of youth and love and valor. Whether he bent forward or back, twisted sideways or sat erect, he seemed just poised in the saddle; every movement, every attitude charmed and satisfied the eye with its perfection of unstudied grace, like the something ineffable in the slant of a bird's wing, the turn of its glossy head, or the glance of its quick, bright eye.

The big fellow rode as finely as a man could ride, but there was something more than horse-manship in the boy's riding. We danced that night to the peculiar and beautiful Mexican music. A harp, a viol and two violins, played by Mexicans who were musicians all the time and shepherds in the season, comprised our orchestra. We had the Golondrina, La Paloma and soft dreamy waltzes with their singular intervals piercing, sweetness and unexpected and tender accompaniments.

I saw my boy waltzing with Louie. They came past me once and both young faces were flushed and bright with smiles. Presently they passed again—walking—and on Mark's face was the shadow that somehow I had felt a presence of from the first. The light was gone from his eyes, the color and smile from his lips. Louie was clattering gaily and laughing up to him, but he looked past her, with a look of fierce pain in the great black eyes, at a young man, a new comers, on the other side of the room.

"Come and look at the tables," whispered Mrs. Flint. We went out, and in running about, helping, arranging and desiring, I forgot the boy for a time.

Presently I slipped out onto a side veranda to cool my heated face a moment in the soft and chilly air. The full moon, the great white Texas moon, rode almost up to mid-heaven, pouring its flood of white radiance down through the silent and crystal air. It was like the sublimation, the apotheosis of daylight; the beauty, lustrous effulgence, without the harsh or unlovely details. Almost simultaneously with my opening the door two men rushed together just in front of me with knives in their hands, and the next instant the towering form of young Melton dashed noiselessly onto the porch. He plucked them apart as though they had been two kittens, held the stranger in his right hand, fairly shaking the knife from his grasp, and pushed Mark gently, but hastily, toward me, against me, and through the open door.

"Don't, Mark, don't," said the boy, "one of us has got—"

"Wait with him till I come back," said young Melton, and away he went, carrying the other fellow, like a ray, by the back of the neck.

Mark turned on me a look of agonized desperation, a face drawn and blanched and blackened almost beyond recognition, all the beauty and softness struck out of it; the great lustrous eyes blazing, the fine sensitive features quivering fiercely.

"Slipped my arm through his robe and walked silently up and down the silent hallway. I could hear his heavy, gasping breath. I could feel his heart leap and his frame tremble, and black and blue eyes, drew Mark away."

"Hullo! Where's Jake Shackelford?" called someone, just as the pair went through the gate. "I sent Lum home with him. He'd got too much and was noisy," I heard Melton reply in a low key.

After they had left the crowd behind I saw Melton's great arm thrown across the boy's shoulders, and was sure I heard a choking sob. An hour later I saw them at supper, and I do not think the others found anything amiss; but there was visible a decided, if frequent shadow on the boy's face, and a pathetic solicitude and concern in his big friend's manner.

The next day, which was Christmas, the men went bear-hunting up a very wild and rocky canyon, while such of us women folk as liked to ride and were fond of sport set off to find a certain wild cat that held forth in a low bluff some six or eight miles away across the plains. Mr. Melton was our guide and protector, while Mark was dragged away by the bear hunters.

As we rode home in the late afternoon, full of scratches and glory, with a big cat skin and a tiny, snarling puff of a kitten as trophies, Mr. Melton and I got far ahead of the others, and it is the story of Mark's troubles, as he told it to me.

"His folks moved out to Esperanza, a couple of miles above my sheep camp, about four years ago. They were New England people. Everybody hated the old man on sight. He was a mean, close-fisted, cold-blooded, snaky sort of fellow. His wife was a warm-hearted woman, but she hadn't much sense. She ran the house, and him, too, though, when it came to the pinch."

"One day the old man, who was abusing Mark, was so outrageous and insulting, and called him such vile names, that the boy went and got down a gun to shoot him. His mother screamed, threw her arms around him and held him. I reckon she was wild with terror, and she took Mark off and told him how she was not his mother. His own mother was a poor, pretty young servant girl she had had in the first years of her marriage, and whose ignorance and youth her husband had wronged. The girl had died and she had raised and loved Mark as her own."

"Now, there was a nice thing for a sixteen-year-old boy to have to hear. He came down to my camp the next morning and told me about it. He sat about like some one who was crying that he had lost his mind."

"I must be so, he said, for this fellow, Jake Shackelford, that came out with them and was afterward discharged by his father, had done some other people."

"I was awfully rushed with shearing, and before I knew it the boy was gone. He never was home again, but I went up to Esperanza and got a place in a lumber yard."

"He made some awful bad plays, and no wonder. He got drunk and got to running a gang of pretty tough men. The old lady always loved him; she wrote to him, and finally went up to Esperanza, bought him an outfit and sent him over to east Texas to school. He was away two years. He hadn't been back a month, keeping looks in Esperanza, when he saw Louie Flint, whom Jake Shackelford was crazy in love with. Anybody would love the boy; of course Louie preferred him, so Shackelford, like the low dog he is, went about telling his tale, and the next I heard of Mark he was all broke up and drinking again."

"I went up and got him to go down to my ranch with me. He's been with me ever since. I've got a bunch of cattle and he has charge of them. He never drinks, nor gambles, nor swears; he's got lots of grit and courage, and he's all life and go; but there is something like a woman about him that makes him more to me than any brother could ever be."

"Can't he ride the prettiest you ever saw? That saddle and southerner of his are both real winners he won at riding contests and tournaments. He—"

"We were within half a mile of the house, with one or two rises and dips between it and ourselves. Suddenly a shot rang out on the still air, then another. My companion started, beckoned me, stuck spurs into his horse and launched forward like an avalanche. I followed as fast as I could, but I was fully five minutes behind him as I rode over the last rise."

"There, in the hollow was a group of men, standing in the full glory of a prairie sunset, the golden splendor all about and upon them. In the midst knelt young Melton beside Mark's motionless form. Mark's head was upon his arm. I rode up and dismounted. The big tears were running down his face as he tried to stanch the bleeding of a great wound in the boy's breast."

THE FRUITS OF FLORIDA.

A delightful incident of a trip to Florida is a visit to an orange grove. During the Ocala convention the trees were bending under the weight of the golden fruit and it was a sight to gladden the heart of the North Dakota delegates as they looked from the car windows. The contrast of the orange with the deep green of the leaves, make a peculiar impression upon the eye of a stranger. There is something bizarre and picturesquely about it which leads the mind away from blizzards, wheat fields, coal mines and iron furnaces to thoughts of an Eldorado. And the new comer has a vague idea that he is following in the tracks of De Soto, several hundred years behind time, but on a schedule so much faster that he is altogether likely to make up for lost time.

Mr. Albertus Vogt, who discovered the existence of phosphate deposits, whose discovery had been prophesied years before by Mr. Pratt, of Georgia, sold his fifteen acre farm for \$60,000 on the strength of the good news and invested \$21,500 of the proceeds in an orange grove, covering twenty-one and a half acres of ground. The trees were only eight years old and some of Mr. Vogt's friends thought he had paid a high price, but as he will sell the crop of 1890 for \$7,000 to \$8,000, he is satisfied with his investment and would like to make some more as good.

The newspaper correspondents, at Mr. Vogt's invitation, visited this grove and saw, and plucked the orange in the rich desolation where it bowed down the trees. To an average man an orange is an orange, but to the Floridian there are oranges and oranges. He will rattle off the names of more varieties than you thought the whole citrus tribe could muster. He will give you several varieties of kid glove oranges, though smiling in pity at the man who would be satisfied with them when there are oranges of so much better flavor. A variety reckoned among the best is the Navel, a large orange of delightful flavor, which takes its name from a very clever imitation of that portion of the human anatomy which lingers as a reminder of the travail which comes into the world with every son or daughter of Eve. What an orange should be doing with such a birth-mark is hard to tell, for the good people who know about such things tell us that nature does not fool away her time on useless innovations. The irresistible inference is, that some enterprising Jacob, of modern times, undertook to interfere with processes of nature and she, sighing through several generations of oranges, gave this sign of woe. At the semi-tropical exposition, established at Ocala, by the farmer's alliance and such enterprising spirits as Rogers and Appleyard, there are more branches of the citrus family than a man would dare try to remember. There are dwarfs no larger than a chestnut without a burr, and giants as big as a pumpkin. They are differentiated both as to exterior and interior, and a lady may get an orange to match her costume, with meat-pink or white and an exterior varying in color from the richest orange to a pale green.

Ocala is in the heart of the orange belt and Mr. Clark, of that place, carries in his inside pocket statistics to prove that the country ships forty per cent of the whole orange crop of Florida. As the crop amounts to about two and a half million boxes, worth in round numbers \$10,000,000, it is not surprising that the shipping point for about two million dollars worth of oranges.

But it is a great mistake to suppose that the orange is all Florida can give to the world. She ships an immense quantity of cabbage, cucumbers, tomatoes and strawberries. Her 500 cars of cabbage are worth \$300,000; her 300 cars of cucumbers, \$750,000; her 300 cars of tomatoes \$450,000 and her 40 carloads of strawberries \$144,000.

These estimates I get from the representative of a Chicago fruit merchant who travels in the state but does not live there. Therefore the estimate may be considered a fair one. The business of fruit buying is of such importance that the traveling men of the fruit commission merchants have organized an association.

The Florida fruit exchange at Jacksonville has long been in operation and has done excellent work in marketing the crop. Crops of such perishable nature demand some co-operation on the part of the producers in marketing their products, and this need gave rise to fruit exchanges. There is now an auxiliary exchange at Pensacola.

They make an orange wine which is said to be very fine when it is old. A gentleman who tasted some four year old orange wine said it was almost equal to champagne. This may be true but the new wine does not enjoy that reputation.

Near Mr. Vogt's grove is the Mead grove and nursery belonging to Boston people. It is said that this property, which is now covered with bearing trees, never cost the owners any outlay after the land was paid for, as the receipts from the nursery department more than paid the expense of cultivating the young grove up to the age of bearing. It is not to be inferred, however, that orange trees will take care of themselves, for in the same vicinity is a grove which shows plainly the effects of neglect. A young tree requires constant care and fertilization, and a man who plants a grove and goes away to wait until it is ready to bear, will find himself in the attitude of Mark Twain's character, who sat down to wait on the bank of a river in Palestine till the voice of the turtle should be heard in the land.

But for a man who is rich enough to live like the birds of passage, at the north in summer and in the tropics in winter, there is no more delightful occupation than orange growing in Florida. If he is a young man there is something pleasantly suggestive of the probation of Jacob, who waited seven years for a wife. You must wait seven years for your orange blossoms, and then about the usual period for the fruit. But in Florida you get rid of the jealous old Laban. I suppose human nature is not greatly different from its variegated self in other parts of the world, but if a man is willing to wait and watch for an orange grove there is nobody to put him off for seven years more when he has honestly won his prize.

W. G. C.

I was taken sick with ulcers on the left lung. Doctors gave me up to die, but a friend got me some of Bull's Sarsaparilla and before I used one bottle I got better, and after using three bottles I am at work again.—Wm. A. Brooks, Colquhoun, Mich.

We Claim To Cure positively and absolutely all cases underlain by Chronic Kidney and Bladder Disease. No matter how long the disease has been in the system, write or call on Dr. A. D. Flegg, room 63, 64, Capital Building, Box 10, Atlanta, Ga.

THE POOR CRACKER BOY.

BY PAUL GRANT.

He was not at all an interesting patient; on the contrary, he was an ugly, dull, young fellow; but he was almost a child in years, and he had lost his leg above the knee, for he was one of the wounded from the battle of Chickamauga.

He was the youngest patient in the hospital—prowling and overbearing with the wounded, tangled and maimed in every conceivable way—and for this reason Kate was much attracted toward him.

Kate was the matron's little orphan niece and adopted daughter, and Mrs. Stanley, the matron, was one of a band of wealthy southern women who had undertaken the charge of the Confederate hospital at the little town of Newton. They took a general supervision of everything, and supplied many necessary comforts at their own expense.

So, owing to his lack of years and his lack of leg, Kate's sympathies were greatly aroused for the young soldier, and she tried in every way she could to amuse him and distract his mind from his aching wound. Poor Tommy Mullins had very little mind, and he was of a natural dullness and intense ignorance.

But as he began to recover he fell upon the plan of telling him stories. Tommy's mother was a fair tale teller, and Tommy's young rustic was ravished by the adventures of "Jack, the Giant Killer," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." He could never hear them often enough.

"Tell me," said he, drawing through his nose, "tell me they lies 'bout them, they are!"

"But, Tommy, they are not lies, they are lies," said she.

"Lies or stories, hit's all the same, kase I ain't no trader in er feller crawling 'up er vine, tell he gets in there kainty." "It was a fair tale," said Kate, "so of course it true. Nobody ever thought that; 'tis er funny story."

"Well, tell hit agin," said he.

"Tommy, hit's er tale 'bout the two Jacks, kase I done hear 'em 'bout the Sleeping Beauty, and 'Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp.'"

"Kase, unlike negroes, have no imagination, they do not take fire, as the darkey does, er tales of heaps of diamonds and pearls, er are no more to them than bricksbats."

"I give what people want with them. 'Tis er tale of kings and princes, which the aristocracy, the nobles, the crackers, 'What air er princes? 'Tis no better an' me, I ez good ez anybody." In his rigid republicanism he is leveling and odious, or at least unattractive.

Tommy Mullins was a fair type of his class. Kate at last abandoned the king and queen and took refuge behind the gentle and his lamp. Tommy had never heard of the creation of eastern fancy. There was no "chance" here of treading on his leveler's toes, as he himself had to be pleased. He was never weary of hearing about the "old chep on his lamp." Like Lamartine's fisher girl, he was being slowly civilized.

One morning when Kate entered the ward she found her protégé, who was much better, sitting up in his bunk and weeping bitterly. As he was of rather a cold and lumpy nature, this surprised her.

"Why, Tommy, what is the matter?"

"My leg," sobbed the boy, "my leg hurts me!"

"Hurts where?"

"Below the knee."

"Why, what can be the matter?" said Kate, gently rubbing his leg.

"Not that one," cried the patient, "not that one, 't'other one."

"The cut-off one?" cried Kate, shrinking slightly.

"I don't know. Ther's what I mind 'bout hit. But hit hurts clear down to the toes!"

"What is the matter, Tommy?" asked the matron, coming up.

"Kate in terror explained the cause of Tommy's tears."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, "that is very common. Tom will have to tie himself to stand it. 'Twill wear off by and by."

"But hit hurts now doctor, now, clear to the cut-off!" cried the boy in a agony of pain and terror, "on I know hit's cut off. Hit was cut off er the field hospital, fer I seed hit cut 'yain' on the ground."

"You only imagine it hurts," said the doctor, "it don't really ache, you know."

"But hit does," cried Tommy, "en ther that toe, pointing to the corresponding one on the other foot, hit aches powerful." And he wept bitterly.

Finding that Tommy could not be reasoned with, the doctor gave him an opiate and put him to sleep.

But day after day Tommy fretted and cried out his leg. "Hit aches! Hit aches!" he moaned. "En hit aches so! En I could only scratch hit, kase!"

One night Tommy fell asleep and dreamed that some one handed him his amputated leg; he reached out to get it, but the person drew back, and the leg fell to the ground. In desperation Tommy leaped after his leg, and fell on the floor, and awoke in great agony. His cries aroused the matron, who ran to him and lifted him up in bed.

The doctor was summoned, for Tommy's wounded leg was bleeding profusely. Dr. Morris looked gravely at the patient, and said, "It's a bad business," he said to the ward-matress, "he burst the whole thing loose, and it was bleeding so nicely."

But Tommy now grew worse; the pain of the stump now drove the imaginary pain out of his mind. As he grew sicker he clung more and more to his little playmate.

"Don't leave me, Kate," he would cry. "Hit is like you could leave me, 'pears like 't'other leg."

"Won't go," said Kate.

"Tell me," cried Tommy, between his paroxysms of pain, "tell me 'bout that old feller on his lamp. Ef he could only lose off whar I feel no pain!" moaned the boy.

"He can't, but there is one more powerful than any gentie, who can," said the voice of good old Tommy's mother, who came in.

"Who is he?" asked the wounded boy.

"The Lord Jesus," said the chaplain.

"Ask Him," he groaned, "fer I suffers powerful. Oh, I suffer, I suffer!"

The good chaplain prayed, but the poor creature heard but little. "En I can't wait," he moaned, "en I can't come!"

"Perhaps, my poor boy, He is going to take you to Him, rather than come to you. But you know that you can't last much longer."

"Parson," cried Tommy, stretching his light blue eyes, "does you mean to say that I'm agoin' to die?"

"You are very sick, and you know that a good soldier prepares for retreat as well as advances. Can't you prepare to march at a minute's notice?"

"I don't know how," moaned the boy. "I'm afraid to die—en, oh, hit's a lonesome ter be shet up in the grave."

"But you won't be there," said the chaplain; "you will be gone to another world. And it is for that world I wish to prepare you."

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"If you get to hear you will suffer no more pain; you have read that in your Bible."

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Kate had crept away to the other end of the ward on the appearance of the chaplain, and she now stood by Mrs. Stanley, who was writing a letter for a sick man.

"Kate," said the matron, "don't ever tell that poor boy another fairy tale. He has gone crazy on the subject of that gentie."

"What's Kate?" repeated Tommy. "Why don't she come to me?"

Kate, at this, unwillingly advanced; the change coming over Tommy filled her with indecipherable alarm. She had formerly viewed him with a mixture of pity and contempt—pity for his sufferings, and contempt for his ignorance and arrogance. Mrs. Stanley had been accustomed to excuse his conduct by stating that he was "an ignorant cracker,"

this she seemed to think entirely covered the ground. Kate's sentiments toward him accordingly, were expressed in the appellation she usually bestowed on him, of "the poor cracker boy."

But the poor cracker boy was now changing; child as he was, he was feeling, and he was feeling that it was caused by the near approach of that shadowy something we call death. Already the great leveler had made his presence felt. Kate no longer viewed the "cracker boy" with contempt. But, being a hearty, healthy child, she approached him with considerable awe.

"Kate," said he, gazing at her with his sunken eyes. "Oh, Kate, I'm a-going some-where, en I don't know whar hit is!"

Kate stood awe-struck.

"Can't you help him?" asked the chaplain. The child shook her head.

"Sing for him little daughter. Don't you know a pretty hymn?"

"I know 'The Sweet Fields of Eden,' said the child. And standing by the bed she began to sing.

As Kate's clear, childish voice rang out, the noise in the ward ceased. Even Paxton, the capacious patient, forgot his querulous cry. Mr. Seely, the wardmaster, holding a candle in his hand, came down the aisle, and through the dimly lighted ward the pale faces turned toward the child, as, standing in a little circle of light, she sang:

In the sweet fields of Eden
There is rest forevermore.

The little singer's notes died away. A ray of feeling lit up Tommy's dull face, a gleam of expression shone in his sunken eyes. Eunoia was that which he felt. The son of this young rustic was ravished by the adventures of "Jack, the Giant Killer," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." He could never hear them often enough.

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PARIS MAN MILLINER.

A GLIMPSE OF WORTH'S MELODRAMATIC METHODS.

The Coliseum and Catacombs at Rome—A Glorious Bit of Swiss Landscape. Great St. Gothard.

HOTEL BELLEVUE, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPERA PARIS, December 13.—(Special Correspondence.)—I wish to note some matters that I omitted. The country around Naples is of volcanic formation, very poor, and peopled by the worst of Italians. They are the uncleanest race in the world and the laziest, and treacherous. The banditti of old have taken to hotel-keeping, and find it an easier way to rob the traveler.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME. The coliseum is the finest ruin in the world. It stands as it did when the gladiators fought lions and tigers for the amusement of cruel emperors, with its enormous capacity of 150,000 people. The cages which held the lions are still there in good preservation. The catacombs extend for miles beneath the ground, built by the Christians that they might worship God. One of the Catholic fathers says, at hand, and in this uncanny hole, with its thousands of grinning skeletons, the barefooted monks were making garlands of flowers. These queer you see make no leather sandals. We visited the ruins of the Caesar palace, the Forum, the Caracalla bath and the temple of the Vestal Virgins.

THROUGH SWITZERLAND. We left Milan, passing through Switzerland in the daytime. The scenery was royal. The train ran by the beautiful little lake of Como for nearly an hour. Looking out one window you would see the clear, blue waters of the lake, while from the other side of the car could be seen the tall peaks of the Alps, dazzlingly brilliant, and clad in their robes of pure white snow, with an occasional mountain stream, looking like a line of silver running down the crevices of the mountain side. After this, we passed through a tunnel, and finally reaching the highest, the scene that met our view was gorgeous. We seemed right among clouds, and when you looked below at the surrounding peaks, that encircled us, clothing in their summy raiment of glistening white, and farther still down a small river rushing madly along between the peaks, the grandeur of the scene is scarcely to be imagined.

ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL. We stopped twenty minutes on the road and got quite a nice little dinner, wine included, at the little restaurant of St. Gothard. About 3 o'clock we reached St. Gothard tunnel. This noted structure is composed of fifty small tunnels, and then the main tunnel, which is about ten miles long. The ascent is by means of curved tunnels, piercing the sides of the valleys, until you begin to cross the highest peak. In the end the road is level, and the tunnel is 3,757 feet above the level of the sea. It took ten years to build this tunnel and cost 238,000,000 francs, \$47,000,000, and was only finished in 1882. After passing out of the tunnel we stopped a few minutes at a little Swiss village and purchased a few little souvenirs of St. Gothard.

We saw the great dogs that are sent to discover people that have been buried in a snow storm, and we saw the quaint sheds that are used there. The villages in that country are very curious, but, extremely small and many miles apart. We arrived at Lucerne about dusk, in time to catch a view of Mont Blanc in the distance.

IN PARIS AGAIN. The longer we stay in Paris the more completely charmed we are with it. It is a city that grows on one. I do not like to think of leaving it soon. It is true, I do not much like the French people, as a class; but Paris, beyond doubt, the most attractive city in the world. It is beautiful. It is clean. It is so different from other cities, always something to interest you, always something here that you see in no other place. We poor Americans have a very wrong idea of Paris and Parisians anyway, and especially the way they dress. In the first place, Parisian ladies do not wear fancy clothes; they dress beautifully, but very quietly, nothing loud, as you see the Paris lady wears nothing but black shoes and slippers. Occasionally she may vary it by putting on a bronze slipper. I am not speaking of ballroom costumes.

We are sorry we could not see Colonel Goode's daughters in Switzerland. The weather was bitterly cold and everything covered with snow.

By the way, I forgot to speak of a distinguished painter we met in Venice, Mr. Dyre, a celebrated artist. He was kind enough to show us a number of his pictures, which are beautiful. He painted a picture a few months ago for Vanderbilt and is now finishing a second. He has quite a reputation in Venice and in Paris.

WORTH'S FASHIONERY. Well, we have visited Worth's establishment, with its dreams of tea gowns, dinner dresses, evening dresses, etc. There is one delusive idea, though, that we Americans have, that is entirely wrong. Worth does not make riding habits, and never has. His clients are all ladies, and he dresses them magnificently—some in tea gowns, some in evening dresses, and when you enter the drawing rooms you are seated in the most comfortable chairs, and the Paris lady wears nothing but black shoes and slippers. Occasionally she may vary it by putting on a bronze slipper. I am not speaking of ballroom costumes.

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Special Bargains in Carpets, Window Shades and Chairs

Don't fail to call on us when in need of Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Mattings, Etc. We are the leaders in these departments, and distance all competitors.

We offer this week Special Bargains in

CARPETS, SHADES, CURTAIN POLES AND CHAIRS

TO CLOSE OUT!

1,000 Window Shades at 35 cents each.
1,000 Curtain Poles, with brass or wood trimmings, at 25 cents each.
10 Misfit Brussels Carpets at \$25; worth \$35.

We will close out the remainder of our stock of Carpets on hand at less than cost.

500 CHOICE CHAIRS AT LESS THAN COST

We have 500 choice Chairs left, having sold out all of our immense stock of Furniture. We offer these handsome Chairs to close them out this week at

LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' PRICES!

Call early and secure some of these extraordinary bargains.

54 and 56 Whitehall Street, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 East Hunter Street, the Largest Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Atlanta

The American Investment Company will handsomely from start. Read its character and see the advantageous offers.

Healthy Kidneys

No other organs in the human economy form a more important function than the kidneys.

The blood cannot be kept pure unless the Kidneys are healthy and active.

Many a bright intellect has been cut off at the full flower of life because the Kidneys neglected, and the blood, as danger passes, become poisoned, and diseased. Every element of the Kidneys are therapy persons should be promptly heeded and properly treated.

Stuart's Gin and Balm

is a true Kidney Tonic, and acts promptly on the Kidneys, Bladder and whole Urinary Tract. Thousands of testimonials can be furnished from those who have tested its virtues.

Read the Following:

"After having tried various patent medicines and also several doctors, I commenced the use of Stuart's Gin and Balm, and it has given me results than any other remedy I have ever used."

"I cheerfully recommend it to those in a desire to rid themselves of Urinary troubles. I consider it the best diuretic combination market."

T. S. RICHMOND

Sold by all druggists.

THE USARF WAF

Become afflicted and remain suffering untold miseries from the sense of delicacy they cannot come to.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

by stimulating and arousing to healthy all her organs.

ACTS AS A SPECIFIC.

It causes health to bloom on the cheek, joy to reign throughout the frame. It fails to cure.

The Best Medicine Ever Made for Women.

"My life has been under treatment of physicians three years, without benefiting. I used three bottles of BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR she can do her own cooking, milk washing."

N. S. BRYAN, Henderson
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Sold by druggists at \$1 per bottle.

Terrell County, Georgia, Bonds for \$1000

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FROM

until February 1st, 1904, for an \$25,000 bond of Terrell County, Georgia, home bonds, issued under special act of the legislature 1899 and approved October 5th.

The bonds will be issued in December, 1903, and bear five per cent. interest from January 1st, 1901, and mature one bond on January 1st, the first bond maturing January 1st, 1902. Interest coupons attached to each bond payable on January 1st.

Bids will also be received for twenty-five above bonds, the first bond maturing January 1st, 1902, and one each year thereafter on the 1st of January, with interest payable January 1st each year from date of issue.

Bids are invited for either of the above commissioners may see me to issue. The bond is returned to issue either and to reject any and all bids.

W. S. CRANFORD
Chairman courthouse committee, Terrell County, Georgia.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

IT HAS BEEN A GALA WEEK INDEED.

MERRY MASQUERS HELD THE FORT.

Mrs. Porter's Ball, the Fancy Dress Ball at Mrs. Smith's and Other Delightful Events—Gossip About People.

Everyone who met in talking of Mrs. Porter's ball, Mrs. Porter's lovely gown, and of her charming grace as hostess, as well as her fine ability for managing and directing. A masquerade ball is a wonderfully funny entertainment, and some of the situations it presents are ludicrous in the extreme. Every gentleman seems to consider it his duty to shake hands with you, and to say, sotto voce, that if he had not caught sight of you in the assembly he would have retired from the ball long since.

It is no easy matter to prepare a masquerade costume. It requires discrimination and a clear insight into the whims of the times. Two of the prettiest costumes worn the other evening, and decidedly the most correct in detail, were those worn in representation of "Princess" and "Dorothy Fox." While there were very many toilettes which would strike you upon entering the room, none were so successful as those of the "Princess" and "Dorothy Fox." The costumes were of the most elaborate design, there were none more admirably fitted to the personality of their respective wearers as the two above mentioned.

Mrs. Carroll Payne looked wonderfully dainty in her short-sleeved gown of gray that she wore at the Puritan maid, and the pink rosebud upon her cheek, little old-fashioned bonnet was not one whit fresher looking than the sweet, bright face beneath it.

Who has not read with the keenest pleasure that charming story by George Eliot, in which Dorothy Fox plays such a prominent part? A most pleasing presentation of this character was given by Mrs. Joseph Thompson. Never has the exquisite beauty of this young woman shone to better advantage than when framed with the background of this soft-colored costume. It heightened the radiance of her eyes, the softness of her complexion and contour, and the fluffiness of her bright hair. In the person of Mrs. Thompson, Dorothy Fox became ideally beautiful.

Another lovely costume was the one worn by Mrs. Willis Lacy. She was a "Duchess Rose," and her costume was a beautiful conceit of pale rose-orel green velvet. Roses of most beautiful tint were fastened about the bodice, and a very graceful arrangement of these formed a kind of head-dress.

Mrs. Howell Jackson appeared as a "Fisher Maiden," and her costume of fish-net over pink satin, looped most gracefully and ornamented with Japanese fishes, was decidedly unique and successful. Mrs. Jackson appeared like some fair young debutante, and it was not until she was unmasked that her true identity was discovered. Miss Jennie Winter wore a very pretty costume in representation of "Forget-Me-Not." It was of some soft, blue stuff made dainty, and trimmed with lace and the blue flowers.

Miss Annie Lou Winter, as "Marguerite," wore a lovely gown of white and lace, and carried out the concept most daintily. Miss Eva Winter delighted every one by her spirited and charming presentation of a typical "Dolly Varden." She wore a China silk gown with large figures in pale tints, a large hat covered with roses, and carried an immense fan, which she used with dexterity.

The costumes at the fancy dress ball, given in honor of Mr. Cuyler Smith, were noticeable for the taste displayed by the wearers and the elegance with which their ideas were worked out. Among those who noticed especially was that of the young host who represented a gondolier, and wore a costume of white flannel trimmed with red, a white silk sash and sailor hat. This costume was very effective and becoming.

Miss Kittle Cox represented "Folly," and wore a blue lace dress, trimmed with bell over silk; she also wore a bell-trimmed hat.

Miss Lillie Lochrane, as "Dottie Dimple," a Greenaway figure, wore a lovely gown of blue, a lace-trimmed kerchief and a large hat literally covered with roses. This costume was unusually pretty and becoming.

Miss Lulu Kinsberry, "Flower Girl," white lace vest and bodice. She carried a basket of flowers. Mrs. Greene Ogleby made a very lovely picture as a "Flower Girl."

Miss Mable Drake, as "Imp," a costume of red and black.

Miss Edith Stevens, "Gypsy Girl," wore a red, white and black costume, and carried chains and carols.

Miss Janie Stevens, as "Spanish Girl," yellow satin with over dress of black lace.

Miss Lulu Belle Hubbard as "Butterfly," wore a yellow silk train, with gold and butterflies.

Miss Emma Lowry Howell, as "Evening Star," in blue lace and silver stars.

Miss Jessie Kimball was "Little Tycoon" in a pretty Japanese costume.

Miss Annie Ewing, "Morning Glory," in a pale lavender silk and lace.

Miss Flora Shaw, "Baby Doll," a white silk-maiden empire.

Miss Lella Morris was a "Gypsy Fortune Teller," in red and white gypsy gown and cards.

Miss Lucy Ford as "Oxford Gownman," in a black gown and cap, made a very effective picture.

Miss Clio Smith was "Gretchen" in pale blue silk, with powdered hair.

Miss Lella Kruse, as "Undine," wore a pale green silk covered with lace, water lilies, ferns and pearls.

Miss Blanche Williams, "A Little Boy's Ideal Christmas," in white silk gown fringed with fire-crackers and dots, all over with holes of stars in miniature. A ribbon around her waist with a horn attached, a cornucopia stuck in hair and a lot of sky rockets completed the costume, which was unique and effective.

Miss Marian M. "Poppy," red tulle over red silk, draped with bunches of poppies, red silk sash, hat of poppies and lace.

Miss Isabel Block was a "Bird Maiden," in blue gown lined with blackbirds.

Miss Anabel Daniel, as "Night," wore black silk and tulle, with silver stars.

Miss Lillie Lovejoy was "Sub Rosa." She wore a gown of old rose and white, a large hat covered with roses, and looked very pretty.

Miss Nellie Van Winkle, as "Queen of Hearts," wore black tulle covered with large silver hearts, with blue ribbon sash, roses, a row of rhinestones.

Miss Carabel Venable as "Fairy" in white velvet trimmed with ermine sprinkled with gold dust.

Miss Lizzie Venable, as "Night" in a black lace with silver stars.

Miss Louise Blythe, as "Spanish Girl," in blue silk, black jacket and a scarf of striped silk.

Miss Wynne Lowe, "Queen of the Roses," in white silk gown with roses.

Miss Pauline Gray was a "Fairy," in white gauze covered with sparkles.

Miss Belle Lowe was "Barbary Bell," a Greenaway figure, in a long gown of white tulle, with blue ribbon sash, roses, a row of rhinestones, with a white umbrella and fan.

Miss Almer Williamson was "Parthenia," in a white tulle dress.

Among the boys were: Gillian Morrow, "Gentleman of Napoleon's Court," Drayton Boyiston, "English Jockey," in red and tan; G. W. Adair, Jr., as "Gypsy Prince," wore black velvet with red satin; Gen. Schmidt, "Spanish Bull Fighter," in a purple velvet suit; James Porter, Jr., in an evening suit; Walter Kirkpatrick, "Dick, My Darling Brother," in knee pants, white blouse and white sash; Walter Nash, as "General," Ed Lovejoy, as "Spartacus," Mr. Jim Williams, as "Lord Dudley," Fred Lewis, as "Papa of the Regiment," John Kimball, as "Turkish Sultan," and very many others who looked exceedingly handsome.

There were very many other costumes, all lovely and becoming, and no prettier sight can be imagined than a ballroom full of these graceful girls.

The party was undoubtedly one of the most elegant and most delightful Atlanta has ever known.

The dance given during the past week by Miss Morris, on Kimball street, was a thoroughly successful affair. Miss Morris received herself

charming hosts, and the evening was spent most delightfully by all present.

The N. S. dance given last week at the residence of Mrs. N. B. Lowe was another charming success. Miss Belle Lowe returns to New York to-morrow mark to the regret of her many friends here. Her visit home has been a genuine pleasure to all who knew her.

A very delightful reception is to be given on the evening of the 28th by Mrs. N. I. Evans. This will be a social event of much interest as Mrs. Evans is one of the most popular ladies in Atlanta.

Invitations will soon be out for the marriage of Miss Eva Winter to Dr. N. S. Nash, of Knoxville, Tenn. Dr. Nash is a young man of unusual brilliancy and fine prospects, and in Miss Winter he will have a charming and accomplished wife. The wedding will occur at the First Methodist Episcopal church at 1:30 o'clock p. m. on the 28th of January.

Among the elaborate affairs of the holiday season was a New Year dinner given by Governor and Mrs. Bullock in honor of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Woonsocket, R. I. Among those present were Honorable Richard Chute and wife, of Minnesota; Captain and Mrs. Jacobs, of the army; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Porter, of this city; Mr. Hugh Bullock, who is at home on vacation from college in Massachusetts; and Mr. V. V. Bullock. The table decorations were elaborate, the service perfect, and the whole affair was in keeping with Mrs. Bullock's well-established fame as a hostess.

Mrs. Clark Howell returned last evening from Augusta, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Barrett.

Atlanta is soon to be bereft of one of its fairest visitors. Miss Pollard, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, is to leave for her home, Montgomery, Ala., Tuesday morning, and there will be more than one disappointed heart left behind. She is a fair representative of all that is pure and dignified in southern womanhood, and is, besides, as beautiful a specimen of womanhood as could well meet.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clark, very elegant people from Rhode Island, have been spending the Christmas with their cousins, Governor and Mrs. Bullock, at their home on Peachtree street.

Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Bacon will be at home Tuesdays in January. Mrs. Norvell, of Staten Island, and Miss Holcomb, will be her guests.

Mrs. D. S. Robertson, of New York, will visit in Atlanta during the latter part of January.

Dr. and Mrs. Ridley left yesterday for New York city where they will spend the month of January.

Miss Vaughn, from Danville, Ky., who has been visiting Mrs. Ridley, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickey have gone to Tennessee to visit the sick bed of Mr. Dickey's mother.

Mrs. Henry Jackson and Miss Jackson have returned from Athens, where they have been spending Christmas.

Friday evening Mrs. Jacob Eisenman, 26 Morris's avenue, gave a most delightful birthday party to her brother, Mr. Sigmond Weil. Mrs. Ida Taylor and Miss Eckols's recitations were rare treats to all present, and Miss Ella Powell's beautiful singing was never heard to better advantage. At 9 o'clock refreshments were served, and nobody knows better what and how to serve than Mrs. Eisenman. Among those present were: Mrs. J. H. Powell, Miss Eckols, Miss Essie Haas, of Cincinnati; Miss Schlesinger, of New York; Miss Bertha Leseman, Miss Blanche Haas, Miss Lizzie Marks, Miss Rose Adler, Miss Ida Freitag, Miss Clara Adler, Mr. and Mrs. S. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Eisenman, Colonel Sam Weil, J. Straus, of New York; Albert Schoner, Leopold Haas, Morris Schlesinger and Sam Kahn. The party was a complete success, and all enjoyed and therefore went as enjoyable to him and all present.

Mr. James Allen Rice, of Canton, O., is in the city the guest of friends.

A very delightful tea was given last week by Mrs. Eugene Spalding in honor of a few friends.

Mrs. W. D. Grant entertained a few of her friends last week at a very delightful dinner party.

Mrs. W. C. King, the soprano in the choir at St. Philip's church, has asked for a vacation, which has been granted her, and they vestry has elected Miss Nellie Knight, of Anneton, Ala., to the position of organist during Mrs. King's absence for a month. Miss Knight sings at St. Philip's today for the first time.

Miss Lella Larendon, who has been visiting Miss Carrie Sisson, of Kirkwood, has returned to her home in New York.

Miss Nellie Knight, of Anneton, Ala., is the guest of Miss Emma Hahr, of this city. Miss Knight is a very brilliant young woman, having a delightful voice and many accomplishments. She will be delightfully entertained by her no less brilliant hostess.

The many friends of Miss Nellie Hayden will be much pained to learn that she is quite ill with pneumonia.

A very pleasant reception was given on Friday evening by the Misses Foster.

Miss Dolshimer, of Memphis, Tenn., is visiting Miss Dreifus, on Whitehall street.

Miss Mamie Hendrix, who is attending Wesleyan Female college, at Marion, Va., has been spending a few days in the city. She came home to attend the marriage of her sister. Miss Mamie leaves Monday for Marion.

Miss Nellie Toland, after most pleasantly spending Christmas week with friends in Atlanta, has returned to her home near Jonesboro.

The German to have been given next Tuesday by the Young Ladies' German Club has been postponed.

Miss Bettie Tillman, of Columbus, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Mamie Harris, a popular young lady of Sanderville, Ga., is in the city for a few weeks visiting her friend, Miss Jessie McLean, at No. 56 Capitol avenue.

Miss Nellie W. Yantis, of Crab Orchard, Ky., a bright and handsome young lady who has just returned from a visit to the city, is visiting her friend, Mrs. A. G. Daniel, at East Mitchell street. Miss Yantis will visit the principal cities in Georgia before returning home.

The First M. E. Church Choir.

The First Methodist church choir has been reorganized with the following members: Soprano, Mrs. Edward H. Reid; alto, Mrs. Ida Kendrick; tenor, Mr. Alex W. Smith; bass, Mr. Samuel M. Burkhart; organist and director, Mrs. Arthur Richards.

The choir will render today this programme: Organ prelude—Meyer Holmud. Choir voluntary—"Jerusalem"—Parker-Ress. Offertory—"The Holy Child"—Shelley. Anthem—"The Nativity"—Shelley. Postlude—Merckel.

How many times in your experience you have

WAITED

thinking next week or next month will be time enough to buy a watch, although you know that you are needing it every hour in the day? Do you wish to wait

UNTIL

you have missed a \$1,000 engagement before you pay a \$50.00 watch? Perhaps you think you can guess at the exact time when your train is going to leave, but do not be

TOO

sure of your accuracy in this direction; a good watch will save you a great deal of anxiety. Business men who study the economical disposition of their time cannot afford to be without a watch, for time is the equivalent of money. Better

LATE

than never, so send for our illustrated catalog and you will be sure to get a watch.

Stevens & Sons, Jewelers, 47 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

THE EVANGELIST.

A great crowd blocked the pavement and pressed to the middle of the trampled street where, upon a rude box which served the purpose of a stage, a young man stood, his pale features looking ghastly in the glare of the torchlights.

"Make way here!" cried the rough policeman, prodding the people with his club.

"Stand from the sidewalk!"

But they did not seem to heed him. There was only a momentary jar and jostle in the crowd as the people craned their necks to catch a glimpse of that man who stood in the light, and heard the impassioned words that fell from the trembling lips.

"What does it mean? Who is that man?" I asked of a person at my side.

"He's an evangelist. At least he started out to be one. Don't you know him? Jim Allen—greatest sin in town! He was converted last night, and now he's turned out on his own hook. He's a good one, too. Just hear him!"

Never shall I forget his appearance—the slight form; the pale features; the dark hair blowing about his high and noble forehead; but best of all, his ringing voice, his earnest eloquent words.

"Pious of Shelton," he said, "you that know me well; people with whom I have lived and sinned so long—I want to tell you all to-night that I am a saved, a redeemed man: It was only last night, as I sat in the valley of despair and desolation, that the Lord God opened a window in the blue heaven and sent an angel of mercy to minister to my soul. It was only last night that he lifted me out of the pit and placed my feet upon a rock—upon the Rock Christ Jesus, the living stone!"

He did not finish the song. The crowd surged forward and prevented him. Hands were stretched out and clasped in his and many a kind "God bless you!" came from that motley multitude.

I was strangely drawn towards the man, and felt that I must shake hands with him. So I went forward with the rest and tendered my congratulations. The crowd was now dispersing and the speaker had stepped from the pinebox to the pavement, and strange enough, we continued together up the street, the curious eyes of the lingering spectators following us.

When I reached my hotel I said: "Well, I stop here. I won't see you in, as I suppose your's is a homebound bound."

"Yes," he said, "I'm homeward bound—but to that home—pointing upward—but I have no earthly home. I may as well stop here to-night as anywhere else."

"Come in, then," I said, "I'd like to have a talk with you."

For all that, how the loungers in the hotel twitted and ridiculed him for the brave step he had taken, and how bravely and resignedly he bore it all.

"I don't mind it," he said to me, "I've been a great sinner, and this is one of the crosses I must bear."

He did not think then that there were greater crosses still in store for him. Another city, and I left on an early train for another city. I did not see Allen until a year afterwards. But I heard from him often. The newspapers rang with his fame. He had become a great worker in the cause of temperance. From city to city he went, working day and night—charming the multitude with his eloquence and winning golden opinions from all.

Great was my surprise when, reading a morning paper in Chicago, I saw a headline: "Fallen by the Wayside. Temperance Lecturer Allen on a Spree!"

The paper fell to the floor. I picked it up and read the lines again.

There it was in cold and merciless print: "Fallen by the Wayside."

He was in Chicago, had gone there to deliver a lecture but "fallen by the wayside!" How the words rang in my ears and burned their way into my heart!

If he was in the city, and this terrible statement was true, I would find him—I would do what I could for him.

From hotel to hotel I went. No register bore his name. Then I canvassed the saloons.

I found him there! I knew the slight form, the pale face, in an instant. He was standing at the bar, his head bowed in his hands.

"Allen!"

He started as I pronounced his name.

"My God!" he cried. "And is it you?"

Weak and exhausted as he was, he reeled and would have fallen to the floor, but I caught him in my arms and supported him to a chair.

"May God forgive me!" he cried bitterly, "but I could not help it! I have worked myself to death, and they have driven me to it."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"They have hounded me down!" he cried wildly. "They have prophesied my downfall and reported me drunk when my lips had not touched wine. They have kept away from me as if I was killing them!"

"Fallen by the wayside!"

I summoned a hack and we were soon rattling over the stony streets in the direction of the hotel where I was lodged. None knew him there. I took him to my room and did my best to soothe his drinking spirits.

It was hard work. But I at last obtained his consent to bravely try out to make another effort. The poor fellow had really worked himself out, and had fallen unawares. And they had "hounded him down," instead of "holding up his hands" as they had promised on that night when he spoke to them from the pine box in the streets of Shelton.

He made no answer. The next night he addressed one of the largest audiences ever assembled in a church. When the people saw and heard him they were amazed. And yet the newspapers had said he "had fallen by the wayside."

But when it was all over he said to me as we walked away: "It is too much, I cannot stand it. I am a dying man. But I want to go home—to Shelton—and die there among the people I love."

And he did. A month afterwards I received this message:

"The light is close at hand, dear friend. It is breaking even now through the cloudy, stormy sky. Will you not come to me?"

I found the poor fellow dying. But he turned his eyes towards me and gave me his feeble hand in recognition. A woman was bending over him.

"I can scarcely see you for the darkness," he said to me.

"Come nearer," he said.

I drew closer to him and clasped his hand in mine.

"When I think of all your love for me," he said to the weeping woman, "and of the higher love that saved me—a poor, worthless fellow—I feel so thankful; so unworthy! But it's dark—dark!"

"Is it light in your soul, dear friend?"

"Yes, thank God. I have done what I could."

As we sat there holding his hand in mine

spirit passed from the pain of life into the peace of death, and from the darkness of this world to the light of the other. And the woman knew that he was dead, and bending down she touched his forehead with her lips and then stole softly from the room.

FRANK L. STANTON.

PUBLIC SAFETY DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines should be placed upon the market. It cannot, therefore, be stated too emphatically, nor repeated too often, that all who are in need of a genuine blood-purifier should be sure and ask for

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. Your life, or that of some one near and dear to you, may depend on the use of this well-approved remedy in preference to any other preparation of similar name. It is compounded of Honduras sarsaparilla (the purgative most rich in curative properties), stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, and the lilies. The process of manufacture is original, skillful, scrupulously clean, and such as to secure the very best medicinal qualities of each ingredient. This medicine is not boiled nor heated, and is, therefore, not a decoction; but it is a compound extract, obtained by a method exclusively our own, of the best and most powerful alteratives, tonics, and diuretics known to pharmacy. For the last forty years, Ayer's

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has been the standard blood-purifier of the world—in other words, it is in popular confidence or universal demand. Its formula is approved by the leading physicians and druggists. Being pure and highly concentrated, it is the most economical of any possible blood medicine. Every purchaser of Sarsaparilla should insist upon having this preparation and see that each bottle bears the well-known name of

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\$300 for lot 20x120 feet, to ten-foot alley; close to Capitol avenue, and inside city limits. Lies well, and is covered with a heavy oak grove; easy terms.

\$2,700 for the most valuable vacant central corner lot in the city, 35x80 feet to a wide alley. Magnificent buildings will be erected this spring in the immediate vicinity. A 5-story brick building on this lot would pay 8 per cent net on the investment; liberal terms.

\$250 to \$300 each for beautifully shaded lots, 50x200 feet, each nearly a quarter section, and Van Winkle's one-third cash balance easy. Money to be made in this locality.

\$1,000 per acre for beautifully located property on the "Big Circle" of the Fulton County Electric Car Line, heavy grove. The prettiest suburban property to be had for the money.

\$1,000 for first-class Georgia avenue lot 50x150 feet alley. Easy terms.

\$1,000 for high, level and shady Capitol avenue lot, 50x250 feet, running through to other street making two fine lots; a bargain.

\$1,000 for W. Fair street house of 4 rooms, on lot 50x100 feet; easy terms.

Ormond Park lots and acres to persons who will build houses to cost not less than \$1,000, on the easiest and most liberal terms of any property on the market. We require a payment of only \$100 and will give as long as five years on the balance at 8 per cent interest. The lots are from one-half to three acres each in size and there is no more desirable suburban property about the city. The alamy line runs through Ormond Park and we can give a lot fronting it if you wish.

Lots high, level and shady. Beautiful drive into the city. Call and get a plat and examine the property. It will pay you \$7,250 for the choice of W. Peachtree street, 60x100 feet, facing the beautiful Peters Park property. Lies high and is covered with beautiful oak grove, street paved, water and gas in front of lot. It is very choice.

\$1,800 for beautiful Spring street lot 54x100 feet to 10-foot alley. Street in front paved and has on it water, gas and sewer. No better neighborhood in the city, and electric cars only one block.

\$6,000 buys the cheapest central corner lot on the market. It is 100x200 feet and will give as long as five years on the balance at 8 per cent interest. The lots are from one-half to three acres each in size and there is no more desirable suburban property about the city. The alamy line runs through Ormond Park and we can give a lot fronting it if you wish.

\$200 per acre for beautiful 25-acre tract with front of 600 feet on Howell Mill road, four and one-quarter miles from the center of the city. All the water, gas and sewer. A beautiful building site. First-class surroundings. Liberal terms. A good investment.

Jones Ave. E. corner lot 100x125 feet, \$2,000. \$1,000 per acre for choice building lot of about three acres on Peachtree road at the belt road and just beyond the junction of W. Peachtree. Fine road front and beautiful surroundings. There will be a great deal of development in this vicinity

A REPLY TO "LEX."

**The North Georgia Agricultural College
and Its Work.**

Editor: Concerning your correspondent "Lex," whom you describe as a "distinguished educator," whose letter on the subject of "branch colleges" appeared in your paper of the 19th inst., does very great injustice to the North Georgia college in failing to discriminate between it and the other institutions so-called. Whether his statements are true or false, I do not know. But if he intends them to apply to the North Georgia college, as the reader has a right to infer, it is much better to put too fine a point upon them than those statements which are made by him. The North Georgia college is concerned, are wholly without foundation. A very little inquiry would have shown him, that the North Georgia college is not, as you say, a "distinguished educator," and, therefore, in a position to exert influence upon the public mind. It is to be blamed for making such sweeping assertions as to all the colleges without exception, and for having first assured himself of their correctness.

I repeat, that in this criticism of Lex's letter I refer only to the college at Dahlonaga. I know nothing about the others, but I do know something about that. And I proceed to furnish to Lex and to the public some facts concerning it, which he could have obtained and ought to have obtained for himself before he wrote.

1. The college at Dahlehong is not a mere local institution, that is, according to Mr. Lex's idea of a local institution. Its chief patronage does not come from its immediate vicinity. Exactly the contrary is the truth.

I have before me a copy of the last catalogue. It shows that, of the 135 male students in attendance last year, 45 only were from Lumpkin county.

I do not consider the female students, because the conditions are different.

[illegible]

2. Lex's second allegation is that the correct sense of what makes a student a "branch" student is that a number of students from its "immediate vicinity" is accidental only, not characteristic. And in this sense it is absurd to speak of the North Carolina branch of the University of North Carolina. If so, and Lex could have known this, then he had chosen to inquire, that the greater or lesser number of students there from 100 counties of Georgia, not including Lumpkin, and from eighteen other states

titled to be called colleges, either by their curriculum or their charters, and that by these degrees, they are to be distinguished from the students of certain other institutions which have no pretensions.

The chief object of this is true as to the colleges of Dabney.

So far as the charter of the North Georgia college is concerned, it is not true, for that college is regularly incorporated by the state as a college, with authority to confer degrees. On this point, no man can be affirmed of any of the colleges and not by *lex*.

We have then only to consider the other list of character proposed by *lex*, viz. the curriculum.

The curriculum of the North Georgia college is not entitled to the distinction to rank as a college, and not as a mere preparatory school, because the curriculum of the college for each class side by side with that of the A. B. course at the university is not the same.

The curriculum of the B. course for two reasons, 1. select the university course, being unable on account of its poverty to procure sufficient apparatus and other aids needed for the study of the sciences, and 2. because commanded by the times, cannot honestly confer the B. S. degree, which is the proper degree in the sciences, but must content itself with the A. B. degree. 2. Because the college, being a branch of the University, is bound to conform to the curriculum of itself, in good policy, but in honor and good faith, to make its curriculum conform, as nearly as its means permit, to the corresponding curriculum of the university. I do not send these parallel columns with this paper, because they are too long to send, and I am sure that you are rather than you will be willing to accord me. But *lex*, if he wishes to know the truth, or any one else, may see the curriculum of the college.

and whoever will take the trouble to do so will find that the two curricula do not differ very much. The curriculum of the college in the sciences is not fully up with the university; in mathematics they are exactly equal; in the natural sciences they include what is the general head of English studies, neither classical nor scientific, they are about the same. In the sciences, however, the college has the advantage, the college being without sufficient amplitudes in modern languages, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian. Upon the whole, the A. B. curriculum at the University is somewhat the more comprehensive, but it is not thought that the University should know that, for the reason before stated, it had nothing of the curricula at the college. The curricula at the college are very better, if they are as good as that of the University. But, if they are as good, the difference between the two curricula is not great. The college is not enough to justify a denial to the latter, or a charge that it is not a college, or a charge that it is not a university. It is not a university at the expense of higher education."

It is not necessary to repeat, here, in the same form of words, to the most and the least, the reasons which justify the fact latter do not fall below a certain moderate level of attainment. They mean nothing but that the students of the college are not qualified for the instruction giving them, the appointed studies leading them without falling below the prescribed level.

With regard to the statement that the other so-called branch colleges draw students away from the college, it is not necessary to say, as we know nothing, and have nothing to say. But I have had opportunity to know something of the matter, and the result is that the college does not draw from that knowledge I confidently affirm that it is not one in a 100, who would go to the college if it were not for the fact that it does not exist. They are, with few exceptions, the

It is very common to find many of these men themselves there entirely by their own exertions. It is simply out of the question, as a matter of dollars and cents, for them to go to colleges at a distance, and pay the expenses of their education. For example: a student has been known to maintain himself at the Dahlgren college during the college year of eight and a half months for no more than \$100. I do not suppose such a case often occurs. I do not wish to say that I have any knowledge. I have only been told of it others, but have no reason to doubt that it is so. And any rate, it illustrates a statement of mine, which I have made verbally—that it is essentially a poor man's college—that it does not make it a better college, but it is a circumstance which ought to strongly attract the

ance they are not true as to this, those members of the general assembly who refuse to sustain it will have the satisfaction of reflecting that they have destroyed it, and that they cannot wholly obliterate it, but have very seriously impaired the usefulness of the only institution of learning in Georgia where young men, as poor as I have described, can pursue their aspirations for what is called "higher education." Certainly if these things are so, as they undoubtedly are, no friend of the university should regard it with unfavorable eyes. I am a uni-

of having graduated at Franklin college before it became the university, and would be as slow as any one to advocate or favor anything which would injure in the slightest degree. But the college at Alhambra does no harm to the university. It is a branch of the university. As Dr. Mell, whom I can quote as well as Lex, has said to me in so many words, it holds the same relation to the university as Franklin college itself. Its president is an officer of the university.

THE SOUTHERNERS
AND THEIR SOCIETY IN NEW YORK
CITY.

The Object of the Society—Not Merely Social, But to Collect Southern Literature and Art.

NEW YORK, December 29.—[Special Correspondence.]—A few years ago some half dozen southerners, who met occasionally to dine together, conceived the idea of forming a society for the purpose of promoting friendly relations between southern men—resident or visiting the city, and of cherishing and perpetuating the memories and traditions of the southern people. From this germ the New York Southern Society was hatched, the formal or-

society was devoted, into a fraternal organization being effected November 9, 1886. The first dinner occurred on Washington's birthday, February, 22, 1877, and on Thursday of last week, December 18, 1890. The clubhouse, 18 West Twenty-fifth street, was crowded from 3 o'clock to 6 o'clock, the occasion being the first ladies' reception tendered by the association. The southern man is nothing, however, if not chivalrous, and on the occasion of the annual banquet last season, when a number of prominent

But all the former efforts of the society in the line of social entertainment were eclipsed by the reception of last week. The wives of the officers and other prominent society women had been asked to assist the reception committee, and

Mrs. Garden, Mrs. James Swann, Mrs. Roger Pryor, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. John Calhoun and others stood for hours receiving, presiding and waiting. The hallways were gradually filled every nook and corner and flowed out into the street. A few tired souls—among them a prominent cotton merchant—were obliged to wait outside, and then retired from the threshold without attempting to penetrate the crush. But brave spirits like to be one of a crowd. The continuous stream of people passing by, the throngs of people making their way slowly but very surely to the refreshment rooms, they would not have had abated by one single individual.

In the course of a night—when the sun shone brightly in the sky—there was such a social enjoyment in society that when a social entertainment is a success, and is positively enjoyable, it is almost a matter of surprise in the South. Society is the chief office of the southern States and their lady assistants covered themselves with glory, and proved that it is possible to entertain a great number of guests with the same grace and with the same ease. It is especially welcome. It was marvelous how Mesdames Garden and Calhoun, Swann and Pryor managed to remember so many names, and to be so tactful and so tactful and grace they introduced strangers, and those in the city naturally, so just the people they wished to meet.

A very bright young woman recently heard of the "Economic" for the formal receptions in vogue in certain circles of this city, the cards of invitations should read that, during certain hours on each and such a day, Mrs. So-and-so will be at home with her friends. The acquaintances brave enough to call. These

gentlemen either had not learned that the "freeze-out" manner is the thing to do, or they were too pleased to be a fellow of the fashion. The refreshments were abundant and excellent, but the cordial, genial manner of the hosts furnished the excuse for the most successful evening. The guests included a "carte blanche" order; and the compliments and pleasant notices which the vice presidents scattered profusely—a goodly proportion falling to the lot of the author—were wise to the insinuation that they owed their position to their latent foe "making themselves agreeable". It is not well perceived that the "freezing out" is a mortifying to this remark, however, as it emanated from a member who is not a vice president and who is an old bachelor.

The New England Southern Society is not much of a social organization. The object is to collect literature, works of art, and valuable data bearing upon southern life, to promote social intercourse among the southerners residing in New England, and to furnish aid and a helping hand to deservit cases of mis-

The garden library numbers already some 1,500 or 2,000 volumes. It is not permitted to take any book away or to enter into the discussion of sectional or political differences, but every effort is made to preserve and propagate the distinctive features of southern life, manners and customs, and to demonstrate the influence of the southern element in the development of national character.

It was impossible that the society accomplish so much in so short a time, except that a large number of the members were energetic and judgment in building up the organization, and in keeping well in mind the best ends in view.

The first two presidents, the late Algonson S. Sullivan and Mr. Francis Rivers will always be held in affectionate remembrance as the pioneer officers, the two men who, by their executive ability and earnest fellowship and sympathy, have made the society what it is, and directly through the initiatory, and prepared the way for the brilliant season under Mr. Calhoun.

The present president, Captain Hugh R. Garrison, was first to formulate the idea of a library, and enforced his views with the presentation of more than 1,000 volumes.

But to return to the "reception." The bachelors, and the young ladies, were seated in a number, and evidently been instructed that the society "expected every man to do his duty." They rallied to the work bravely, and their success in securing unlimited supplies of lobsters, and oysters, and champagne, and the unbounded admiration of those they served.

A stranger seeking information asked, "What elements does your society embrace?" And one of the vice presidents, Mr. James W. Calhoun, replied, "The best of everything." We have not "all of the good," he continued, "because they are not all desirable, but each circle in the society contains the good, the bad, and the indifferent. The Southern Society is particularly careful to go through all, gleaming only the good."

"Who is your Ward Me-^{er}?"

The lumps are too innocent to need a shepherd. The members have individual convictions concerning the relative merits of roast 'gossuin and stewed terrapin, and the greater number are in preference to Carolina cider—they have the opportunity.

A young lady guest, when asked whom she

There was a rumor afoot to the effect that the committee of arrangements had had a serious disagreement concerning the menu. It was proposed, so the story goes, to include, among other things, chicken croquettes; some

The young members, declared that the "ruling" of the haut noblesse had decided positively against croquettes for afternoon receptions and that if so flagrant a breach of "good form" was persisted in they would consider it due their position in the social world that they withdraw from the membership.

For a member of the committee and a former president, Mr. John C. Calhoun informed the writer with tears in his eyes that the proceedings had been marked by an unusual degree of unanimity. The only question of refreshment sprang—shall we have punch? being carried promptly by acclamation to those present out of the discussion.

To those present one of the pleasant memories of the season of '90 will be the first ladies' reception of the New York Southern railroad with the new

From The New York World.

most severe on record. Here it is: "Purple
pages of Shakespeare swimming in a prismatic,
glowing sea of obnoxious specimens."

\$9.50

\$2.75

Is what we want for any of our Children's Suits sold heretofore at \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Just the time to fit out the boys in a nobby, serviceable suit at unusual prices.

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do you fail to give him a Christmas present? Then don't buy a New Year's card. But for self-approval and the full satisfaction as to its use you can buy a suit of clothes, an overcoat, an umbrella, a cane, a pair of gloves, some socks, half a dozen cuffs and buttons, a hat, a muffler, underwear. The whole store is packed with mens' and boys' clothing.

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BROS.,
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KEELY COMPANY.



JANUARY, 1891.

Stockings have been filled and emptied, the sweet old legends have done duty again and charmed childish imagination. The grand chorus of the carols has quivered and died away. Old resolutions have been bravely vowed a-new. The meeting of the years is over. "Good night" "good morning," "welcome," "good bye." Since our last we all have touched the unseen line that divides the old year from the young. The impress of a new step is on the pathway of time—a new figure (1891) to greet us. The intenser tidal-wave of retail trade has spent its force and the usual even ebb and flow will go on.

The store emerges from the tumult of the Holiday business with strengthened alliances, potential evidences of universal public appreciation for the past and invigorated, glowing energies for the future. To tell of the Christmas sales is almost like attempting to describe the "muchness of the more." Every season they are much more than before. No exception this year. More merchandise and more customers, more purchases and more dollars. Every way bigger—and better.

We have frequently quoted figures to illustrate growth, and it is within our easy power to do so now. But we hate repetition, and to make statistics eloquent is beyond us. There are two great, graceful writers in the English-speaking world who could, but they are not salaried to create our advertisements just now.

After the whirl and rush, rest? No, not exactly; a moments pause, a bit of aftermath, perhaps, an uncertain lull like "the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow, the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow!"

The traffic stream goes eddying on, the trade-winds roar, the engine of the store takes up its powerful motion again. Immediately our announcements will begin to thrill with emphatic Dry Goods interest. You'll read and, perforce, come.

After the New Year, what? Aspiration, Inspiration, Action: Thinking, planning, working, ceaselessly, courageously climbing; with "Excelsior" as a star-motto and an ardent, imperial ambition to reflect its fair, fervid radiance in the store.



To keep a good store we cannot afford to sell down the stock too closely. When the people come to us they must not be disappointed, and therefore as fast as articles are sold others must take their places. This advantage our customers always enjoy. You will now find all departments as complete and orderly as if the unprecedented business of the past days had not existed. No cry and shriek of "closing out" or "cleaning up" stock gives the theme, furnishes a subject or inspires a motive for the types. Organization touches all parts of the store. Accumulation and not exhaustion or depletion of Departments is our glory. The systems operate more easily than ever. Less confusion, less error. We can say that honestly and consistently. It is your trust in our plan that increases the number and the volume of the transactions.

A census of the store would be proper. The enumeration should be conscientious and intelligent. But to be valuable it would have to be made too voluminous. The number of people employed, the thousands of articles that are sold, the various interests involved. Even the capitalist who lives on what his tenants pay him has a deep concern in watching the store thermometer of the state of the times.

The state of the times! It is not nearly so dark or alarming as some would have you think. Things are not going to the bad after all. The sale sheets of the store show, by the number of daily transactions, that there are more buyers than ever before. More and more is the store in its broad, liberal reach of plan and execution becoming popular in this community. That is an incentive to fresh efforts.

Of course the prices must be right and the buying must be well done in selecting the qualities and patterns. This is what we are here for—just this and nothing else.

The worst thing to happen would be to not do our part well. It scares us to think how soon the people would discover it and run away. To have the right thing at the right price, and serve our customers in the right way is the dream of a good merchant, sleeping or waking.

No railroad man on duty in a round-tower lookout scans more keenly the intricate network of tracks that he may safely direct the moving trains, than do those in charge here see to it that the prices are such as will protect the people and prosper the store.

Our business depends upon the fullest return of your confidence, and on giving over value rather than under value for the money spent here. Therefore we still cling to the principle on which we began to build so many days ago; by which we at least helped to revolutionize retailing when we declared that anything untrue in value or quality must be returned and cashed cheerfully on sight. This looked to be in the interest of customers, but it is in our own interest as well, and makes us, as Bill Arp would say, "a heap more self-respectin'."

With all the wagon loads of goods that go out of the store these days—bundles in the hands of everybody, almost, and a good portion of all you see on Whitehall street, pouring out of our doors—it will puzzle any one to notice a diminution in our assortment. Months of quiet preparation, involving large contracts and big investments, culminate in a stock of many thousand dollars, ready in the shelves, besides reserves to be called in as required.

Our post-New Year salutations imply the promise of generous impulse, new endeavor and higher achievement. All the past is tentative, experimental, at the best incomplete. The only genuine competition that confronts us is our own victories, and we also know no equal brightness for the future triumphs that we hope to wrest from the world of trade.

KEELY COMPANY.

"Take Your Choice"

A change in the weather, a severe cold, a heavy doctor's bill and funeral expenses, amount in round figures to \$200. A bottle of

CHENEY'S EXPECTORANT
COSTS ONLY 50 CENTS.

Take your choice.

THE RESULT:

A NET PROFIT OF \$199.50 AND

YOUR LIFE SAVED!

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, LA GRIPPE, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS.

PRICE 25 AND 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The growth of the American Investment Company has been phenomenal. Over 400 shares were subscribed for in one day.

How many men in Atlanta owe their fortunes to small beginnings. Take a few shares of stock in the American Investment Company. Only \$2 per share each month, and watch the result.

Only a few cents daily saved will enable you to carry a snug little block in the American Investment Company, which will grow to be something handsome in a few years.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE American Trust and Banking Company.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JANUARY 2, 1891.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$500,000 00
Undivided Profits, Net	\$4,300 00
Individual Deposits	\$405,000 70
Due to Banks	7,718 45
Cashier's Checks	613,625 44
Checks on City Banks	234 00
Notes and Receipts	45,500 00
Total	\$1,571,165 45
RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 720,236 22
Furniture and Fixtures	207 00
Overdrafts	1,806 86
Due from Banks	\$252,873 12
Checks on City Banks	73,044 22
Cash on Hand	120,038 58
Total	\$1,197,195 35

STATE OF GEORGIA—COUNTY OF FULTON.—I, Edward S. Pratt, Cashier of the American Trust and Banking Company, of Atlanta, Ga., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1891.
ARTHUR L. VANDYKE, Notary Public, Fulton County, Ga.



ABOVE ALL OTHERS ON EARTH

A strong assertion—but a trial of our shoes will convince all that footwear bought of John M. Moore possesses more desirable qualities than shoes flared elsewhere.

OUR CUSTOM SHOES

Should be worn by every man in Atlanta. Prices from \$5 to \$14. Fit guaranteed.

JOHN M. MOORE,
23 Peachtree St.

THE DROP

Of the mercury reminds us that the prices on Winter Goods have dropped.

A Splendid Line of Odd Pants.

And this is about the time your pair, bought early in the fall, is getting the worse for wear.

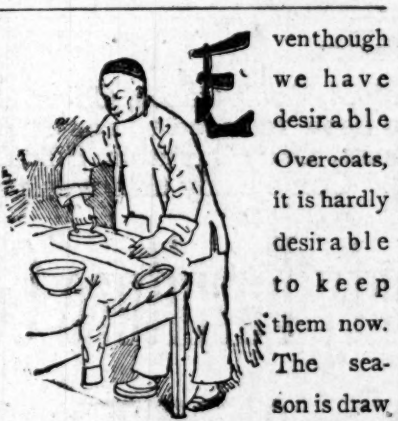
You Can Be Pleased and Fitted.

Still a fair line of Overcoats, and you will need no argument to convince you that they are cheap.

Boys' and Children's Overcoats and Suits going at reduced prices.

George Muse & Co.,
CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS.
38 WHITEHALL STREET.

PERFECT MANHOOD.
Cures assured to men of all ages. **WEEKLY** Send for free illustrative treatise. **MADE STRONG** THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, NEW YORK. wed fri sun wkly Name this paper.



ing to a close, and rather than carry over a single garment we shall relinquish all thought of profit thereon. And handsomer, better, or more stylish Overcoats are not to be found anywhere than we are willing to sell you now, at discounts averaging from 10 per cent to 30 per cent.

And so with Suits. You can purchase some excellent Clothing in Suits for about three-quarters to seven-eighths of their real value. You come and look at these goods; their superiority and attractive prices will do the rest.

A. Rosenfeld & Co.
Arbiters of Men's Fashions,
Whitehall 24,
CORNER ALABAMA.

AMUSEMENTS.

OPERA HOUSE.
Monday and Tuesday, January 5 and 6. Matinee Tuesday at 2 p.m.

Triumphant Tour of America's Romantic Actor,
JAMES O'NEILL,

Monday Night and Tuesday Matinee, in His Great Character of
ROBERT LANDRY

THE DEAD HEART.
With a Specially Strong Company. Caricatures of Historical and Elaborate Scenery, Thrilling Situations, Superb and Striking Scenes, Realistic Stage Effects.

MONTE CRISTO
Notwithstanding the enormous expense of the organization, there will be no increase of prices. Reserved seats at Miller's. Jan 2 4 5 6

Wednesday and Thursday, January 7 and 8. Matinee Thursday at 2 p.m.

DENMAN THOMPSON'S
CELEBRATED PLAY,
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Acknowledged by Clergy, Press and Public to be THE Best Domestic Play Every Written.

Presented here with the same minuteness of detail which characterizes Mr. Thompson's production at the Academy of Music in New York City, where the play is now in its FOURTH season. No increase of prices. Reserved seats at Miller's. Jan 4-11

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JANUARY 9th and 10th. Matinee Saturday at 2 p.m.

W. H. POWER'S COMPANY
In the Pictureque Irish Drama,
The Ivy Leaf

"A tribute to the worth and dignity of Irish character."
A GRAND SCENIC PRODUCTION! Introducing a Car Load of Scenery.

Best Irish Reel and Jig Dancers in America! A GENUINE IRISH FLIRT. SEE THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT. An Eagle carries a Live Child in its Talons. HEAR THE FAMOUS IVY LEAF QUARTETTE. In Choice Selections of Irish Melodies.

Usual prices. Reserved seats at Miller's. Jan 4 7 8 9 10

EMBROIDERIES!

We call the attention of the Ladies of Atlanta and vicinity to our Large stock of Embroideries which we shall place on our counters

Monday Morning.

Anticipating the effect of the McKINLEY BILL, we purchased these goods before the RISE, and can give our customers the benefit of the advantage thus gained. We cordially invite your inspection, feeling sure our selection will please you. We are closing out our

BLANKETS AND HEAVY UNDERWEAR
And can offer some excellent bargains in those lines.

American Notion Co.,
28 Whitehall.
Telephone 232. sun-tues-thurs

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE LOWRY BANKING COMPANY,

OF ATLANTA, GA.

At the close of business, December 31st, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$ 996,832 67
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	21,470 63
Surplus	70,000 00
Bonds and Stocks	13,225 00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	25,243 04
Due from other Banks	\$ 170,880 11
Checks on City Banks	117,514 08
Currency, Gold and Silver	141,827 76
Total	\$1,505,988 29

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 300,000 00
Undivided Profits, Net	20,000 00
Bank Deposits	30,227 86
Individual Deposits	304,804 26
Total	\$1,505,988 29

STATE OF GEORGIA, County of Fulton, ss.: I, Jos. T. Omer, Cashier of the Lowry Banking Co. of Atlanta, Ga., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. J. T. OMER, Cashier.

Correct—Attest: R. C. CLARK, J. H. STERCH, Notary Public, Fulton County, Ga. JOEL HUNT, T. D. MEADOR, DIRECTORS. NO INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

This Bank does a general Banking Business, and Respectfully Solicits the Accounts of Individuals, Banks and Corporations generally. Collections a Specialty.

RHODES & HAVERTY FURNITURE COMPANY.

The beginning of our monster closing out sale of FURNITURE and CARPETS this past week was a success beyond our most hopeful ideas. It shows the unflinching purpose of our promises and the wonderful confidence which the trading public places in our reliability.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!"

Whilst frightened competitors were standing about bemoaning their fate, and trying to realize the situation, we were busy taking the orders from the dear people for our

---\$20,000 WORTH OF FURNITURE AND CARPETS IN SIX DAYS!---

Of course, nothing was ever heard like it in Atlanta before. It SURPRISED US SOME, but it left us in glorious humor to gently "DO UP" competitors this next week in our wonderful offering and unmatched prices.

To those chicken-hearted dealers who never have courage to do anything great themselves, and who think it smart when they can tell the public that other people's business is their business, and that they know all about such business, and that representations made will not be carried out, we say that we hereby publicly pledge that if there be any failure on our part to open business promptly in the city of St. Louis on the date heretofore arranged, we WILL GIVE AND DONATE \$1,000 IN CASH to the GRADY HOSPITAL FUND.

On tomorrow, and following days, our colossal sale will still continue. Hundreds of the best articles yet remain unsold, and several cars of goods which have been out on the road for some weeks are now being opened. These goods must all be sold.

Don't mind what other dealers may tell you. You must recollect that it is to their interest to decry us and our low prices. Your interest tells you to buy your goods now whilst the chance is offered you. Remember, it is only for a short time that this opportunity is offered you, and after we get away you will pay old prices for Furniture. There may be a combination on prices, a sort of a "McKINLEY BILL," as it were. Look to your interests and buy of us during this SPECIAL COST CLEARANCE SALE.

WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS.

Odd pieces in Gold and White for Parlors.
Odd pieces in Mahogany for Parlors.
Odd pieces in Turkish Chairs.
Odd pieces in Divans.
Odd pieces in Corner Chairs.
Odd pieces in Window Chairs.

Odd Side and Corner Pieces.
Turkish Parlor Suites.
Five-frame Parlor Suites.
Mahogany Parlor Suites.
Parlor Suites in Brocade.
Parlor Suites in Tapestry.

Hundreds of Odd Rare Pieces.
Bed Room Suites in Oak.
Bed Room Suites in Cherry.
Bed Room Suites in Walnut.
Bed Room Suites in Old English.

Wardrobes, Chiffoniers, Book Cases, China Cases, Desks, Cabinets, Chairs, etc. CARPETS.—Our stock of Carpets affords rich styles and rare bargains. Every yard of Carpet has been reduced to cost. Buy your Carpets for spring now. 'Twill pay you to lay them away.
Rugs, Skins, Hassocks, Lace Curtains, Silk Draperies, Portieres, Screens, China Silks, Muslin Draperies and China Mattings. Over \$55,000 worth of goods remain unsold yet. Come early this week and make your selection.

Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Co. Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Co. Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Co.

89 AND 91 WHITEHALL STREET.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

McWATERS.—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. James G. McWaters and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Armstrong are invited to attend the funeral of James G. McWaters from the residence of Mrs. Joseph Armstrong, 102 West Harris street today at 2:30 o'clock p. m. Interment at Oakland.

MEETINGS.

Attention, Horse Guards.
Every member of the company is hereby commanded to appear at Army Monday night, January 1st, at 7:30 p. m. in the quarters, 102 West Harris street, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Interment at Oakland.

The Young Ladies' Temperance Union will hold a meeting at the church of the Redeemer, 1115 street, Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Miss Ida Cloutier will speak. All interested in the cause are urged to attend.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia.
The stockholders' meeting of this company will be held in Savannah, Georgia, on the 10th day of January, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. Stockholders and their families will be passed free over the company's road from the 21st to 23rd inclusive, and returning will be passed free from the 23rd to 27th inclusive, upon presentation of their stock certificates to the conductors.

The election for directors will be held on Monday, January 13th, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Stockholders and their families will be passed free over the company's road from the 21st to 23rd inclusive, and returning will be passed free from the 23rd to 27th inclusive, upon presentation of their stock certificates to the conductors.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway Company will be held at the company's office at the factory, on Tuesday, January 14th, at 10 o'clock a. m.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice.
All coupons due July 1st, 1890, to the first mortgage bonds of Alabama and Georgia Manufacturing Company, will be paid on presentation at the Atlanta National Bank, Atlanta, Ga., by said bank.

A Card, or Notice.

My patrons will hereafter find me at my old stand, No. 19 Peachtree street, my interest at 24 Whitehall street story having been sold to Mr. John D. Prida, whom I fully recommend as the best of caterers and a competent gentleman. Thanking the public for their generous support in the past, with the assurance of renewed efforts to please in the future, I am, very respectfully,
JOHN LAGOMANNO, 19 Peachtree street.

PERSONAL.

M. M. MAUCK. Will paper and paints, paper hanger, house and sign painter, 27 E. Hunter.
Mr. JOHN H. GRAVES. who has been for ten years identified with the renting business, can now be found at the office of Colonel G. W. Adair, where he will be pleased to have his friends call.

C. J. DANIEL. Will paper, window shades and furniture, 42 Marietta street. Telephone 77.
Two distinguished United States naval officers were in the city yesterday on business connected with the navy. Captain A. J. Whitaker, auditor of the navy department at Washington, and Lieutenant J. M. L. Brown. The latter gentleman will be remembered as one of the United States officers in the San Juan wreck, when so much damage was done to German, American and English men-of-war.

It Does the Work.
Square Remedies and Dr. Flegg are curing him every week of Stripter, Catarrh and Hay Fever without pain or loss of time from business. Ask him to be convinced, or write: P. O. Box 104 Atlanta, Ga.

Moore, Hooper, Alexander and W. W. Lambdin have formed a partnership for the practice of law, and can be found at 201 East Alabama street.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

BONDS, STOCKS AND MONEY.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE.
ATLANTA, January 3, 1891.
The new year opens with a fair demand for all issues of well known stocks and bonds. That money has been stringing, no one in the attitude of a borrower recently will deny, but there is an easier condition just now, and all indications point to an increase in loanable funds. Prices of securities are affected somewhat by higher rates of money, particularly bonds issued on new railroads, but we can say to the credit of these enterprises, in which there is local interest, that their January interest was promptly met. Savannah, Atlanta and Montgomery and Georgia Southern and Florida railroads have both been bought liberally by Georgia investors, and our information is that both companies are in excellent financial condition with an already profitable though growing traffic, and holders of their securities may not only be satisfied with present holdings, but can safely increase them.

Financial men are of the opinion that rates for money will not descend to the unremunerative rates of the early part of last year, but that there will be plenty of money for all conservative uses and of rates which borrowers can afford to pay. New railroad undertakings, except where made by some of the old and already established systems, will probably not meet with encouragement for some time to come, but industrial enterprises in which money requirements are not so large and prospective profits are great, will continue to attract the attention of many who have heretofore sought other avenues of investment. Of late phosphate-bearing properties in south Georgia and Florida have been attracting attention, and some land-some tracts have been made by brokers and dealers in these properties. It is confidently claimed by present owners who are undertaking to work the phosphate deposits that net profits to be derived therefrom will be of the order of 10 to 15 per cent. Of late phosphate-bearing properties in south Georgia and Florida have been attracting attention, and some land-some tracts have been made by brokers and dealers in these properties. It is confidently claimed by present owners who are undertaking to work the phosphate deposits that net profits to be derived therefrom will be of the order of 10 to 15 per cent.

The New York market has been quiet during the holidays, but today trading has been of greater magnitude with prices strong, nearly the entire list showing an advance for the day. The bank statement is good, too, legal reserve increasing nearly over \$1,000,000 while a decrease in this item was expected.

New York cash exchange, buying at par, selling at \$1.00 1/2 to \$1.00 3/4 premium.

The following are bid and asked quotations:

NEW YORK STOCKS.	ATLANTA BANK STOCKS.
U. S. 4s, 102 1/2	Atlanta Nat'l, 100
U. S. 5s, 103 1/2	Atlanta Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 6s, 104 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 7s, 105 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 8s, 106 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 9s, 107 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 10s, 108 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 11s, 109 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 12s, 110 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 13s, 111 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 14s, 112 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 15s, 113 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 16s, 114 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 17s, 115 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 18s, 116 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 19s, 117 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 20s, 118 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 21s, 119 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 22s, 120 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 23s, 121 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 24s, 122 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 25s, 123 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 26s, 124 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 27s, 125 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 28s, 126 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 29s, 127 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 30s, 128 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 31s, 129 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 32s, 130 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 33s, 131 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 34s, 132 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 35s, 133 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 36s, 134 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 37s, 135 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 38s, 136 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 39s, 137 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 40s, 138 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 41s, 139 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 42s, 140 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 43s, 141 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 44s, 142 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 45s, 143 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 46s, 144 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 47s, 145 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 48s, 146 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 49s, 147 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 50s, 148 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 51s, 149 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 52s, 150 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 53s, 151 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 54s, 152 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
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U. S. 58s, 156 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
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U. S. 61s, 159 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 62s, 160 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
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U. S. 65s, 163 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 66s, 164 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 67s, 165 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 68s, 166 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 69s, 167 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 70s, 168 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 71s, 169 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 72s, 170 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 73s, 171 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 74s, 172 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 75s, 173 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 76s, 174 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 77s, 175 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 78s, 176 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 79s, 177 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 80s, 178 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 81s, 179 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 82s, 180 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 83s, 181 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 84s, 182 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 85s, 183 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 86s, 184 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 87s, 185 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 88s, 186 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 89s, 187 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 90s, 188 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 91s, 189 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 92s, 190 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 93s, 191 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 94s, 192 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 95s, 193 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 96s, 194 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 97s, 195 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 98s, 196 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 99s, 197 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100
U. S. 100s, 198 1/2	Georgia Bk. Co., 100

THE NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

The Day on the Floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The bank statement was to many people, a surprise, as it was known that there had been a movement of currency out of the banks both to the interior and through the subtreasury, and therefore a moderate increase in the surplus reserve was not looked for.

Money should, however, from this time, return to this city and the money market grow calmer. The market today responded to these conditions and displayed even greater strength than yesterday, investment and buying continuing to be the principal feature. Houses which do a strictly investment business say that they find great difficulty in supplying the demand for good bonds and dividend paying stocks. Such security of securities upon the street has not been known in fifteen years, and in consequence every attempt to buy for either side of the account advances prices. News from the railroad world today was not of special importance, but Union Pacific and Rock Island offered considerable consideration. The general opinion is, however, that while trouble may be expected in the near future, it will be of a temporary nature.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The following is the statement of the associated banks for the week ending today:

Reserve increase, \$80,000.
Loans increase, \$38,700.
Specie increase, \$38,700.
Legal tenders increase, \$1,140,000.
Deposits increase, \$1,140,000.
Circulation increase, \$1,140,000.

THE COTTON MARKET.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE.

Below we give the opening and closing quotations of cotton futures in New York today:

	Opening.	Closing.
January	12 1/2	12 1/2
February	12 1/4	12 1/4
March	12 1/4	12 1/4
April	12 1/4	12 1/4
May	12 1/4	12 1/4
June	12 1/4	12 1/4
July	12 1/4	12 1/4
August	12 1/4	12 1/4
September	12 1/4	12 1/4
October	12 1/4	12 1/4
November	12 1/4	12 1/4
December	12 1/4	12 1/4

THE PETROLEUM MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The total visible supply of cotton for the world is \$1,400,000, of which \$1,200,000 are American, against \$1,200,000 and \$1,200,000 respectively last year. Receipts at all ports today are about \$1,200,000, against \$1,200,000 last year. Receipts at all ports today are about \$1,200,000, against \$1,200,000 last year.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The grain market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE FLOUR MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The flour market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE SUGAR MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The sugar market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE COFFEE MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The coffee market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE TEA MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The tea market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE SPICE MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The spice market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE OIL MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The oil market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The metal market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE WOOD MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The wood market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE STONE MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The stone market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

NEW YORK, January 3.—The stone market was dull and featureless all day, and the movement very narrow.

THE CHICAGO MARKET.

Features of the Speculative Movement in Grain and Provisions.

CHICAGO, January 3.—Wheat opened at a decline of 1/4¢ under the close of Friday. Everything had a bullish tone in the last half hour, under which the entire decline of yesterday and this morning was handsomely recovered.

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JUST IN TIME

TO SAVE A MURDERER FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH.

SHERIFF SMITH AND POSSE ON HAND

**To Thwart the Purpose of an Infuriated Mob
of Miners to Burn a Negro to Death—
The Bloody Crime of the Negro.**

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., January 3.—[Special] Sheriff Smith and a strong posse of well-armed men reached Bessemer, twelve miles from the city, tonight, just in time to save a negro man

a mob. Two weeks ago Sam Arnold, a negro

JUMPED FROM THE TRAIN.
Yesterday Arnold was captured near Meridian, Miss., and last night two men started with him to this city. He was bound hand and foot, and his guards fell asleep. When ten miles below Bessemer, and while the train was running fifty miles an hour, the negro suddenly leaped through an open window. He

where he jumped off, he was gone. The negro was badly hurt by the fall, however, and today was captured within a mile of the place where he made the daring leap.

IN THE HANDS OF A MOB.

A mob was waiting at the depot in Bessemer last night to take him from the train, and where he was brought there this afternoon it did not

The mob had received the mattress on which Arnold's victims lay when he murdered them. They had saturated the mattress with oil and were going to burn the negro alive.

Sheriff Smith had been sent for by the Beasler officers, and, with a strong posse, he arrived just in time to save the negro. Most of the mob were unarmed, and deemed it prudent

whom had seen service in the defense of the
jail in this city during the bloody Hawes riot in
December, 1888.

FIRE IN BAMBERG.

A list of the losses and of the insurance

The Fire Accidental.
BAMBERG, S. C., January 3.—[Special.]—An accidental fire burned J. C. Copeland's building, \$15,000; insured in the Rome Fire Insurance Company, \$4,000 on stock, \$2,000 in the Springfield Insurance Company, \$2,000 in Rochester German.

insurance.
Mrs. Emma Bennett's frame store, \$600. No insurance.
Miss Sallie Rice's millinery, \$2,000. Insured in the Home of New York.
Folks & Fowler's bakery, \$600. No insurance.

Town hall, brick building, \$2,000; insured in the Georgia Home; \$35 damage to the building.

the Georgia Home; \$1,000 damage to the building.

The Sun's Cotton Review.

NEW YORK, January 3.—Futures advanced, closing firm at ten to twelve points advance from yesterday's closing prices. The market again had a buoyant opening, but speculation was less active. A decline soon followed, and then there was some show of strength in the latest dealings. The

strengthened the market derived was mainly from one plotted figures for principal interior towns, showed not only a falling off in receipts as compared with last year, but a reduction in stocks from last year showing much less increase in deliveries from plantations than receipts at the ports would indicate. The decline resulted in the selling by room traders to realize profits, and was some recovery in anticipation of a report from Liverpool at the opening of the week Monday.

drop at \$200,000 a bale. The outbreak of the influenza has taken great toll of the wintered last season. Spot cotton, dull uplands, 9 5-16; middling gulf, 7 1/2.

Will Test the Matter.

PHILADELPHIA, January 3.—D. Halsey B. Morse and George C. Meyer, Col., called at the mint and pay of silver, and demanded that it be money for them. Colonel Babytendent, refused to receive it for Mr. Meyer to test the matter. He writing and asked Mr. Babytollfring that they had offered their

saved trouble in proving that where they proposed to test the government to refuse billion. complied with the request, which Messrs. Morse and Mr. manly their claim is a consti nities the right of the govern orage." Mr. Babushel be

Another Team
NASHVILLE, TENN., January 3.—[Special.] J. C. Rodemer, of G. C. Rodemer & Co., prominent railroad contractors in the south, made an assignment

George Rodemer, Sr., J. A. Trousdale and being named as trustee of his liabilities is not given but those named in the instrument aggregated \$56,000. The assets, the total value of which is not known, consist of real estate notes and accounts, stock and bonds and contractor material.

A Foolish Miner.
EAGLE Pass, Tex., January 3.—An accident occurred at the Sowbo mine, seven miles from Mopine, Dearbargo, Mexico, on Monday. Fifteen miners entered the powder house to get a week's supply of giant powder. After each man secured his allowance, a mine

secured the cap of a defective fuse by his teeth. The cap exploded and set off the explosive contents of the powder house. The building was demolished and most of the men were blown to pieces. Twelve were killed outright and others cannot recover.

New York, and Gunsberg of London, played the fifth game of the match for the championship of the world today, but it was abandoned as a draw after twenty-eight moves. The score now stands: Steinitz, 4; Gunsberg, 2; drawn, 5. The fifth game will be played on Monday.

Death of Walter Abell.

he late A. S. Abell, one of the proprietors of The Sun, died unexpectedly today at his residence in this city, after a short illness of heart failure.

The Geneva Mills Burned.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January 3.—The main building of the Geneva worsted mill owned and oper-

All Quiet at the Mines.
PITTSBURG, Pa., January 3.—At the Edgar Thomson steel works, owned by Andrew Carnegie, where the late riots occurred, all is quiet tonight, with 400 deputy sheriffs on guard.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Two shocks of earthquake were felt at Elwood, Ind.

Father Craft, who was wounded in the battle with the Indians, will likely recover.

The Oswego Falls tannery, at Fulton, N. Y., has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000.

The remains of the late General Spinner, who died recently in Jacksonville, Fla., arrived in Jersey City, N. J., yesterday.

THE CONSTITUTION.

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SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.
ATLANTA, GA., JANUARY 4, 1891.

The Bayonet Behind the Ballot.
The wrongs that have been perpetrated on the people of the United States in the name of liberty will never be fully recorded.

But the desperate republican leaders are now urging legislation that will, without doubt if they are successful, open the eyes of our people to some of these outrages upon the freedom of our people.

The force bill is ostensibly for the protection of the negro. There was never a more deceitful pretense since the devil misled Eve. Senator Hoar and Senator Hawley, and the men who are leading this fight for the force bill, have never answered the queries made by Senator Stewart when he asked why these men spoke and voted against the force bill in 1870. Compare what these men said then and what they say now on this subject, and the plainest kind of hypocrisy becomes apparent.

But, aside from this, "the bayonet behind the ballot" is no new thing in the south. From 1865 to 1870 there were but few elections held in the south where federal soldiers were not very handy. Can any man, north or south, call to mind a single instance where these bayonets were used on any person except the negro? We call to mind several occasions where bayonets were used in Georgia, notably so in the elections of 1868 and 1869, and while they were federal bayonets, in the hands of federal soldiers, it is a striking fact that among the dead and wounded after an encounter only negroes were to be found. Select any old negro politician in your knowledge and ask him what he thinks of federal soldiers at elections, and he will soon tell you the truth about it. This is so well known in the south that it is a part of the history of reconstruction, and to say that Hoar and Hawley do not understand it is to presume on their ignorance.

We do not believe that, without some reason deeper than that given, the republican senators from New York, Illinois and Massachusetts would willingly jeopardize the business relations between the south and these states, especially when they were opposed to such measures before they were ever tried.

The motive that impels these republican leaders to shape such legislation goes to the foundation of their party. It is a part of the programme that is dear to the republican heart to centralize the government. That is what it means, nothing more nor less. Do these men make any answer when they are taunted by the people with the fact that they are impeding financial relief by pushing this measure to the exclusion of all attempts at other legislation? It is true, and so patent they cannot deny it, and hence do not try to.

When old man Hoar rushed frantically to the front in the senate when it assembled in December, after the wonderful defeat of the republican party in November, and made an earnest appeal to his party friends to pass his pet scheme, the country got a glimpse of what was at the bottom of this legislation. The bayonet behind the ballot, these men want, not to protect the negro, but to rob the farmers of the south and west and the mechanics of the union.

What do these men care for a government that will deprive them of the monopolistic power they have exercised for thirty years; to continue war taxes; to encourage robbery in banking; to exact unjust taxes from people already heavily burdened; to multiply subsidies for their benefit, and to lay out and apportion among their friends and families the public domain?

The senators from these three states, Massachusetts, New York and Illinois, represent the centers of the money power in this government. The illegitimate and improper exercise of this power has driven the republican party out of power in each one of these once strongly republican states, except as to a few offices. The senators are about all left to raise their voices against the people, and clamor for more power to get more spoils, and to do something desperate to bolster up their party. They feel the sand slipping from their feet, and hence they want a bayonet behind every ballot. With this force bill they hope to be able to buy plenty of help, like Pinkerton's men, to intimidate every mechanic who disobeys their mandates, and even assassination is not impossible for the workingman or farmer who denies their right to vote.

They hope with this same gold to get as many Johnny Davenport's as they need to manipulate politics in their interest. These are the potent influences behind this bill, and if it ever becomes a law it will be so demonstrated.

Let our readers remember what we say! Taking Care of the Veterans.
The good example of Georgia in taking

happy effect upon the south—or one might say, the whole country.

It is somewhat surprising that northern newspapers should heartily approve this movement, which is now becoming general in the south, but it has been generally endorsed at the north, the only wonder being that it has been delayed so long.

The north takes care of her own, and has always done so, but, until recently, the south has been neglected of the men who shed their blood in her defense—at least, such has been the case with many southern states. Of the work that Georgia has done for confederate soldiers the New Orleans Times-Democrat says:

At the end of the war, most of the southern states gave enough money to furnish the confederate veterans who had lost an arm or a leg with artificial limbs; but some did not go so far. Several have since established "camps" or "retreats" for these veterans, and in some cases annual appropriations have been made, thus assuring the payment of small pensions to needy veterans. A disposition is now shown to be more liberal. Georgia has been one of the leaders in the movement. A large sum was raised there by voluntary subscription for a confederate home, and a bill passed by the legislature for the relief of the widows of confederate veterans. This bill, passed by the legislature in pursuance of an amendment to the state constitution lately adopted, goes into effect next month, and will give a pension of \$100 to the widow of each confederate veteran. This is by far the most liberal provision yet made for the veterans.

The Times-Democrat goes on to state that when the lottery revenue proposition is adopted Louisiana will give \$500,000 annually for the veterans, besides a liberal appropriation for the confederate home, and adds that Louisiana will set an example in this matter which every other southern state will be likely to follow.

Let the good work go on. It has been happily inaugurated in this state, and every southern state that sent a soldier to the war should fall into line and follow Georgia's example.

Labor Lost.

A journalist advertises in a London paper for a pupil who will be "thoroughly trained for a literary career."

Similar advertisements occasionally appear in the New York and Boston papers. They are misleading, although they may be published with the best intentions. It is about time, however, for the fact to be recognized that a writer is born and not made. The gift, the bias, must be there from the start.

Thorough training for a literary career will make a man a writer. But if he is born with the natural gifts and faculties of a writer he will be one without training. Just as a bird yields to the impulse to sing, he will yield to the impulse to write. Without knowing anything about composition and rhetoric, he will nevertheless write well, and men of inferior talent will pattern after him. The born writer unconsciously and speedily acquires a good style. The man who was never intended to be a writer may place himself under the training of a master for years, but his ideas will never fit his words, or his words will never fit his sentences in which they are placed, or his sentences will not suit his subject.

Training may make a man master of the sword, but it will never make him master of that mightier weapon, the pen.

Bungling and Blundering.
The bungling and blundering in the Behring sea matter that it is hard to predict the outcome.

It will be a risky business for us to forcibly interfere with British vessels hunting seals in the Behring sea. It is very doubtful whether we have the right to monopolize those waters in the interests of a few sealers, and the uncertain temper of John Bull makes it dangerous.

Suppose it leads to war? In that event the St. Louis Republic says:
The west and south are fond of fighting after they are once in it, and after their first losses they would count the situation. They could not be reached by invasion, and they would have only the ordinary discomfort of being robbed to a more extraordinary extent than usual by the plutocrats as a result of the war. If the northeast should desire peace after the capture of New York and Boston, the west and south would be rendered no more indignant by the wrongs of the northeast, no matter how the northeast felt about it. Moved by a common war spirit, the west and south would be brought together, the south being thoroughly rehabilitated. The only "peace party" would be in the northeast, and that section would be thoroughly discredited as it was in the war of 1812. The west and south would get the better of it, and before they were through with it, would so arrange the currency and taxation as to get out of the northeast all it has extorted from the "in" in the last quarter of a century. The "war party" would be the democratic party and the Farmers' Alliance. The peace party of the capitalists and speculators who started the row might get some of the spoils.

This is a reasonable view of the situation. The south and west are not belligerent, but if they are forced into a war with England they propose to come out of it in good shape, no matter what it may cost the northeastern states.

A Business Attack on the South.
We print elsewhere a strong editorial from The New York Herald on "The South and the Force Bill." The Herald is at last inclined to look at the matter from the standpoint of THE CONSTITUTION, and it resents the purpose of the republican wreckers in a manner vigorous enough to attract the attention of the business and conservative men of the north, whose best interests are bound up in the prosperity of the south.

There is no question that the force bill is aimed at the prosperity of the south. The vicious partisans who have it in charge cannot loot this section by force of arms, but they are striving to kill competition and rivalry to special interests by putting a sudden end to that wonderful industrial development that has challenged the administration of the world.

The Herald's article, we trust, will have the effect of arousing the people of the north to the real danger of force legislation.

Coming to the South.
Southern immigration is a live question in the west at this time—one that is giving the newspapers considerable anxiety. This is not the result of "booming," as it is called.

The south has not flooded the country with flaring advertisements and offered fabulous inducements to settlers. It has merely extended a polite invitation, which they have readily accepted.

Of course, the work of the various industrial and immigration conventions which have been held in the south has had its effect; but the south has had its greatest advertisement from strangers who have

personally investigated its resources and have carried the story to their homes in the north and west.

In regard to southern immigration, a St. Louis paper candidly confesses that "for the great majority of men, with families or without, there is no part of the world today that offers better opportunities than the south."

Continuing, this western paper says:
A recent issue of an agricultural paper printed in Atlanta contains testimony from a score of correspondents as to the thrifty condition of farmers in the cotton belt, who give close attention to their business and employ negro labor only when and in such quantities as it is needed. The intensive system of farming, too, is found wonderfully profitable by those who pursue it intelligently. On Georgia uplands, not notably rich, but thoroughly tilled and liberally enriched with fertilizers, nearly a bale and a half of cotton was just season made by a farmer near LaGrange, who is getting more than a congressman's income out of a farm which ten years ago was probably worth half its present annual profit.

This is the south being advertised. Parties from the far west are now in Georgia investigating for themselves, and Ohio farmers and capitalists have organized a large party, and will visit Georgia early in February, many of whom will come to remain.

Many of the western papers are warning the people to keep away from the south; but the warning is not heeded. In the expressive language of the period, "they know a good thing when they see it," and are determined to "see for themselves."

The Vestibule Train.
The putting on of a vestibule train service between Atlanta and Washington is an event of great moment in that it establishes Atlanta as the center of an improved railroad service.

The example set by the Richmond and Danville company cannot fail to inspire the other railroad centers in Atlanta to do likewise.

Great credit is due the management of the Richmond and Danville for this new departure, which, it is to be hoped, will be appreciated by the traveling public with a liberal patronage.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT SAYS: "This is to be a bull year." It is gratifying to know that our contemporary's imagination has its limitations. He might have gone further and said it was going to be a bull yearling, or something of that kind.

THE SPURLOCK boom is creating quite a sensation in literary circles at the north. Uncle Hiram Spurlock, of Murray county, writes us that he has been ready for a long time to be a writer, but he has been waiting for the buckeyes "ordered by Jim Allen and George Hibbard." We presume this has something to do with the Spurlock boom.

SOME of the western republicans believe that the democratic party of New York is in danger of going to pieces. We should be glad to see these western republicans hold their various and several breaths until this event takes place.

THE DEMOCRATIC majority in Texas was 204,000. Mr. Flannigan may well inquire what he was there for.

THERE is a movement in the west to read the St. Louis Globe-Democrat out of the republican party. And yet, the Globe-Democrat is in favor of the gag rule.

IT is said that the republicans want to make McKinley governor of Ohio in order that he may never be heard of again. It is said, but true, that Mr. McKinley will exactly fit the hole once occupied by J. B. Foraker.

A Strong Institution.
The annual report of the American Trust and Banking Company, one of Atlanta's strongest institutions, will be very gratifying to all who are directly or indirectly concerned. The president of the company, Captain J. W. English, the vice president, Mr. W. J. Van Dyke, the cashier, Mr. Edward S. Pratt, and the other officials, command such general esteem and confidence, that their names are sufficient vouchers for any enterprise, and especially when it can make the showing that is made in the American Trust and Banking Company's report. This bank is doing a world of good for Atlanta's business interests, and its large capital and resources will enable it to accomplish much more in the future.

The great success of the bank will be apparent when it is recollected that it only started business on the 2d of April, last. The admirable management of Captain English, and the confidence which the people have in his financial ability, have conspired to bring about this result. It is a handsome higher in the public estimation than Captain English.

Thirty Years Old.
The splendid exhibit made by the Lowry Banking Company in its annual report, recalls to mind the fact that this solid and popular financial institution is thirty years old. It was established in 1861 and incorporated in 1867. The president, E. J. Lowry, the vice president, Thomas D. Meador, the cashier, Joseph T. Orme, are three of the brightest and clearest men in Atlanta, and with the directors of the company, stand in the front rank of our progressive and public-spirited citizens.

The old bank, started here at the beginning of the war, has developed into one of the city's most important and beneficial financial and business factors. It begins the year with increased facilities for making itself and others more prosperous than ever.

SUNDAY IN THE SANCTUM.

The Toller.
Heavy the heart and weary the brain,
But write, my pen, O write!
For rest from toils and cares is vain,
With a kiss from her lips at night.

Sonnet and story—trace them well,
In beautiful lines and bright;
But the tenderest thought in my heart will dwell
On the kiss from her lips at night.
And the world may frown on the head bowed down,
And its splendors veil from sight;
I bear the cross, for I gain the crown
With a kiss from her lips at night.

—FRANK L. STANTON.
The holiday week of the Georgia editors is at an end, and the business of the new year will begin tomorrow.

Editor Christian, of The Douglasville News South, was not a candidate for the mayoralty at the recent municipal election in Douglasville. The votes given him were entirely complimentary, as he had refused to enter the race. The regulation committee of the Georgia Western Press Association should make a note of this.

The Alpha Theta Free Press announces that the editor and publisher will not be the type-setting on that paper during the year, and they promise to do it in style.

With last week's issue The Gordon Press closed its sixteenth volume. The paper will be enlarged to eight pages next month.

It is said that an alliance paper will soon be established at Jefferson.

A great many of the Georgia editors are "pleased to note that the stringency in the money market is dying out." This was the delinquent subscriber turned over new leaf with the new year.

GROWING, GROWING!

THE OUTLOOK OF ATLANTA FOR 1891.

Architects, Draftsmen and Contractors, With Their Hands Already Full, Are Getting Ready for a Big Year.

Growing, growing, growing!
That is the refrain that is heard in the blast of every steam whistle, the roar of every furnace and the hum of every wheel in and around Atlanta.

And the sunbeams of 1891 are reflected on hundreds of new roofs that were not even thought of a year ago.

Perhaps in no other business or profession is the evidence of this growth more confirming than that of the architects.

Atlanta is blessed with a number of the most skilled men in this profession that are to be found in the country, and they are rapidly filling this city and neighboring cities with beautiful homes and public buildings.

Just at this time of the year the architects' order books usually show a falling off, but during the present winter there has been no diminution in the work, and the tap of the hammer and the ring of the trowel rang out the day and night in the new year right merrily.

Most of the architects have really more contracts on hand than they know what to do with, and are kept in a rush to meet the demands on their skill and resources. As to what they will do when spring opens and business begins in dead earnest, as always does with the rising of the sap, nobody can even guess.

Some of the architects claim that there is a scarcity of good, reliable contractors to carry out their plans and designs. This deficiency is a serious one, and as there are plenty of good workmen, as is proven by the promptitude with which they respond to every advertisement, the lack of first-class men should not long be a hindrance.

The past year has been one of unexampled prosperity in the history of the city, and more buildings have gone up than ever before in the same length of time.

But the coming year promises to surpass even the shining record of the past year, and in addition to the large number of local orders now on their books, architects are figuring on a number of handsome buildings outside the city.

Bruce & Morgan.
"We are in a regular winter rush," was the answer given by Messrs. Bruce & Morgan in a brief "and we have done enough on our books to keep us busy for six months, and more coming in every day."

"Our biggest contract just now is the new High building, which is to be located on Whitehall, Hunter and Broad streets. It is to be built of brick and stone, and the cost is estimated at about \$60,000. It is to be four stories high, equipped with all the modern improvements, and will be, when completed, one of the largest dry goods buildings in the country."

Mr. Bruce told of a number of handsome new dwellings which are to be erected in the city, and he said that the plans for which have not been completed. "The number of homes building each year is the best sign of the city's prosperity," said he, "and Atlanta shows a progress 'way ahead of any other city in the south.'"

Nixon & Lindsey.
"We have been very busy for the elegant structure, the University of the South, to be located at Seawane, Tenn.," said Messrs. Nixon & Lindsey.

"It is to cost \$500,000 and will be one of the handsomest buildings in the whole south."

"We also finished the plans for the beautiful building to be erected by Venable Bros. on Forsyth street. It is to be a four-story building, of solid granite, 68 feet front and 30 feet deep, and running back 300 feet, and is to cost about \$32,000. It will be constructed on the most modern designs, and will be a marvel of architectural beauty. It will be used as a very valuable and carriage repository, and a novel feature will be the building room for ladies who indulge in the healthful exercise of horseback riding. We have a large number of other contracts on our books, and are preparing for a very busy year's work."

Gardner, Pyne & Gardner.
"We have all we can do," said Mr. Gardner, of the firm of Gardner, Pyne & Gardner, as its author and sponsor, should be varied out long in Atlanta, we have had as much work as we could do ever since we have been here, with the prospects for a live year of it ahead."

"We do a great deal of outside business, and have a number of contracts on hand now for large buildings."

E. G. Lind.
"My biggest contract is for the new cordia hall," said Mr. E. G. Lind, "and a handsome structure it is to be."

"It will be built by the Young Men's Hebrew Society, and is to be erected on Whitehall and Brotherton streets."

"It will be 176 feet deep with a 62 foot front, the lower story for restaurant, offices, gymnasium and tennis alleys and bath. The parlors, reception and clubrooms, will be on the second floor. The third will be taken up by the large banquet hall, which will seat 300 guests; and a theater, with a seating capacity of 800 people. The fourth story will be devoted to clubrooms."

"This handsome building will be equipped with everything needed, including a perfect fire protection, and it will cost about \$50,000. I have also drawn plans for the Atlanta Trunk factory, work on which will begin shortly; Lieberman will occupy this, which will be one of the best and best equipped factories in the south."

G. L. Norman.
"While at present," said Mr. G. L. Norman, "we have nothing very large in contemplation, new residences, cottages, etc., in constant demand, and not only are Atlanta people building, but many of the strangers from outside towns are building here in Atlanta as the most desirable locality for a home."

However bright the present prospect may be, and it far exceeds that of last year, much depends on the condition of the money market. With a bright outlook in this direction I would not hesitate to say that the prospect for building is the best Atlanta has ever seen. We have on the boards at present eight or ten residences valued at \$5,000 to \$10,000, and look for much more work in the spring, just before the building season."

LeSueur and Driver.
"I think the building prospect was never better," said Mr. LeSueur, of LeSueur & Driver. "During the cold season we have had twice as much work as during the same period last year on actual buildings. The present indications are that more of the work done will be on residences and especially on tenement houses, several blocks of which are to be built shortly, and they will be centrally located."

"There is a greater demand for brick residences than ever before, and the frame houses built are larger and more elegant. We are constructing elegant frame residences for Messrs. H. H. Atwater, E. F. Anderson and A. McD. Wilson. The new Payne's chapel is to be a magnificent structure, the cost of which will be about \$10,000. If the financial trouble does not affect us we can safely say that our part of the work will be double what it was last year."

W. T. Downing.
"Twenty per cent of the work done last year was on residences, who were seeking homes in Atlanta," said Mr. W. T. Downing, "and we

expect the demand from strangers will be larger this year than ever. Many office buildings are to be constructed, unexcelled in elegance and improvements by anything heretofore built here. Mr. Innan's house will prove an innovation in the way of all-stone residences, which will be followed by others. More and better residences and tenements will be built this year, and the special improvement is in the interior decorations and finish, which attracts more attention now than formerly. We have several residences and buildings on the boards not far enough advanced to be made public. We can safely say, however, that the present indications are for a bright and prosperous year in the building line."

W. W. Goodrich & Son.
Mr. W. W. Goodrich said: "The outlook is far better than ever seen before. We have knowledge of many large and improved office buildings which are to be built right in the heart of the city. Cottages are more in demand than ever, and the styles are new, numerous and unique. A glance at the different styles of cottages and residences to be constructed this season gives one an idea of the extreme and different tastes of Atlanta people. Here is one of the moresque or castellated style of architecture, to be built on Fonce de Leon circle, and which will cost \$50,000. Many handsome residences will be built at Inman park, the plans for which we have now on the board. Here is one for Mr. C. A. Reid, and another of sandstone, brick and marble, which will be the materials mostly used for handsome residences in the future. A cottage of the same material will be built for Mrs. Mary Berry in West End, and several such residences are to be built on Peachtree. A great deal of work will be done in block building. Two handsome blocks are to be constructed on South Broad, and we have the plans for two others for Mitchell and Hunter streets. A handsome brick residence will also be built for Mr. F. M. Farley on Peachtree. Most of the building seems to be on the north, and in taste and elegance it will excel."

THE ANGELUS.
This scene I see, this thought I feel,
Ah, distant days are glowing there,
When Mother's hand was on my knee,
And I lay in her arms, and she prayed for me.
—Robert Loveman, in "The Youth's Companion."

The South and the Force Bill.
From The New York Herald.
The industrial progress of the south during the year just ended is something marvellous. The assessed value of property down yonder for 1890 is more than \$300,000,000 above the assessment for 1889.

Northern capital is finding safe and profitable investment in every field of southern enterprise. The bond of unity between the two sections is being strengthened; old animosities and prejudices are dying out. Mutual interest in manufactures, agriculture, cotton, iron mines, smelting works brings us into closer relationship. We understand each other better than ever before and respect each other more.

For many years the south struggled with its parallelled adversities. It had all the natural means of wealth, but no money with which to develop its resources. To the last degree plucky, borrowing hope from a future which was sure to repay their efforts, its young men went to work with a will. There were fortunes to be had, and they were determined to get them. What had been done in sturdy New England and in the majestic west, they were bound to do in the south. Success so far crowned their endeavor that the wonder and surprise of the north changed to admiration. We found them close on our heels in race, and soon learned that we must strike a stronger gait or they would forge ahead.

Then came the force bill, the last, the rankest relic of ancient hatred. It is a coarse, brutal insult to a people who are doing all that could be expected with a race problem so serious and grave that we may well thank God we are not ourselves called upon to handle it. Under the plea of fair elections it hides an inordinate greed of party, and a determination to keep the republic for the sake of another lease of power.

If this bill is pushed through the senate the republicans may gain a small advantage, but the country will be injured—its capital is in the presence of uncertainty—and the hands on the clock of progress will be retarded. It is a malignant purpose and its enactment would be little short of a crime. The common sense of the country is against it. It is urged by surly, frantic, frenzied demagogues, who would insult the government rather than lose a personal advantage.

In spite of their efforts, the bill, we believe, will be killed. If not, then the republican party, as its author and sponsor, should be varied out long in Atlanta, we have had as much work as we could do ever since we have been here, with the prospects for a live year of it ahead."

HE PULLED THE RAMROD.
And Only Found Too Late That the Gun Was Loaded.

FAIRMEN, GA., January 3.—[Special.]—Whit Bonner, a negro boy about fifteen years old, while hunting on yesterday with two other boys, was accidentally shot by Will Reed, one of his companions. The account is that the three boys were playing with their guns, when Will Reed's accidentally discharged, the killing him instantly. The coroner has gone out today to look for the body. The boys were fourteen years of age.

SHOT BY HIS COMPANION.
SPARTA, GA., January 3.—[Special.]—Whit Bonner, a negro boy about fifteen years old, while hunting on yesterday with two other boys, was accidentally shot by Will Reed, one of his companions. The account is that the three boys were playing with their guns, when Will Reed's accidentally discharged, the killing him instantly. The coroner has gone out today to look for the body. The boys were fourteen years of age.

SHOT FROM HIS DOORSTEP.
The Assassination of a Negro on Dr. Felton's Place.

CARTERSVILLE, GA., January 3.—[Special.]—Jordan Franklin, a negro man living on Dr. Felton's farm, about four miles from here, was shot and killed by a party of whites. The party, who were hunting, had been made as yet, but a warrant has been sworn out against a negro suspected as the assassin.

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT Which Happens in Grims.
GRIFFIN, GA., January 3.—[Special.]—Thursday night some party, in shooting sky rockets, exploded one so it went into one of the windows of the Curtis house. Messrs. J. C. Doody and J. M. Parker were in the room talking when the rocket was fired. The sharp end of the rocket hit Mr. Parker's hat, a stiff derby, just over the top of his head, tearing the crown off it, and knocking him senseless for some minutes.

Mr. Parker said today, in speaking of the affair, that he had been badly addled since the occurrence.

The Athens Banner.
ATHENS, GA., January 3.—[Special.]—The Athens Banner, under the management of the Athens Publishing Company, is a year old, and in that year has prospered exceedingly. It has been made a paying investment for its stockholders, and has been filled with good reading matter for the public. Its staff at present consists of editor, T. L. Gantt; city editor, E. I. Wade; business manager, C. D. Flanigan, and assistant business manager, J. H. Stone.

Griffin Needs a Union Ticket Once.
GRIFFIN, GA., January 3.—[Special.]—Several railroad officials have been prominent figures in the hotel corridors today. Questions as to their business in the city fail to get a satisfactory answer, but it is believed their presence is to effect an arrangement by which we will have a union ticket office. At present each road sells its own tickets and a union office would be advantageous to each road.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE

GOSSIP AND NEWS OF THE CITY

Facts Gathered by The Constitution's Reporters—The News of Atlanta.

A New Dairy Farm.—Mr. Will Cox, son of Captain Ed Cox, has returned from attending a term at college, near Knoxville, Tenn. He and his mother, Mrs. Ed Cox, will start a large dairy farm near the city.

Will Move to Atlanta.—Rev. T. T. Christian, assistant editor and business manager of The Wesleyan Christian Advocate, will move his family to Atlanta from Savannah on the 6th instant. He has secured 310 Whitehall street for his future home.

"Monkey Eggs."—"What's dem things?" said a wondering negro, pointing to a bunch of coconuts, in the bulk, hanging up in front of Rodus & McAllister's restaurant, on Alabama street, yesterday. "They are monkey eggs," said Mr. Rodus. "Is dem monkey alrigh? Look lak dey might be grillers. Ain't dey mo' ready to hatch?"

Plenty of Good Seats Left.—The tremendous rush for seats for James O'Neill's great production of "The Dead Heart" Monday night, caused the rumor to get about that there were but few seats left. This, however, is a great mistake and a large number of seats remain untaken. The boxes for matinee and night have all been disposed of.

A Big Building.—Major M. C. Kiser is beginning the foundations for an elegant four-story building on the old Ed Holland property, Marietta street. The building will be 60 feet front and 125 feet back, with 60 feet railroad front in the rear.

It will be occupied by the Charles Conklin Manufacturing Company as a manufactory, and will be one of the first big manufacturing establishments placed on the record for 1891.

Sons of Veterans.—At the meeting of O. M. Mitchell Grand Army of the Republic Thursday night last, sons of veterans in attendance discussed the organization of a Sons' Veterans order. All those who desire to join will send their names to W. P. Harding, care CONSTITUTION bookroom, who, with Captain Harry White, will call upon them and arrange for a place of meeting.

Smiley Is Coming.

HE CHANGED HIS BASE

D THUS SECURED ELECTION AS
CONSTABLE.Radford, Finding Himself Behind in
One District, Moves Over Into An-
other, and Gets Elected.

ATLANTA, Ga., January 3.—[Special.]—W. Radford was elected constable today in the 38th district, and got his election by working a good scheme.

Radford originally entered the race in the 12th district. At 12 o'clock he found that other contestants were bound to beat him. He had only 16 votes. He immediately moved over to the 38th district, where there was only one man running, and by the time the polls closed he was elected constable. Each district is allowed two constables, but Radford's idea of running in two districts the same was certainly original.

The election in Summerville for an intended five members of the board of commissioners passed off quietly. The following gentlemen were elected: Bryan Cunniff, incumbent; commissioners, W. W. Montgomery, George F. Verdery, Frank W. Capers and Charles A. Harper.

Two little negro girls, Mary Kithen and Annie Weathers, died today of congestion of lungs. An inquest was held in both cases and the verdict was the same for each.

The Carnival Coming.
The carnival, now that the holidays have passed, is receiving a great deal of attention in both business and pleasure-loving people.

The display that will be made at that time is a wonderful exposition of the trade and industry of the South, and the surrounding territory. The railroads entering here will give a rate of 1 cent per mile each way, and the influx of visitors will be something wonderful.

Shepherd's Condition.
Foster Shepherd, who was shot by C. E. Williams several days ago, is improving. Williams has set in, but the attack is a very light one, and promises to give him but little trouble. If Shepherd recovers it will make Williams's sleep a little easier.

D. E. Williams, the man who did the shooting, was seen at the jail this morning by your correspondent. He said that as far as gaming was concerned he would not talk. That had no direct bearing on the case and was private matter of his own. This statement Williams's is a straight contradiction of his first statement. He looked worried, and hopes for the best. The jail here at present contains over sixty prisoners.

The Work of Court Week.
The superior court meets this week though, and the number will probably be reduced considerably.

J. W. Smith, a white man, was arrested at a union depot yesterday evening and put in a station house, charged with general disorder and resisting an officer. This morning the court fined him \$10 on the first charge and \$5 on the second.

This morning William Carroll, a negro, was taken in jail charged with larceny from the post.

Carroll went up to the front of H. Crook's shoe and clothing store this morning, and, reaching a pair of pants on a stand, started to run.

When he was overtaken by a policeman and taken to the station. Carroll turned as the officer came up with him and pulled a knife with a blade about four inches long. With this in his hand he dared the officer to approach. He finally caved though, and submitted to arrest.

SAVING INSTITUTIONS.
In Easy Time to Become a Capitalist
When a Small Amount Is Put Away Each Week.

"Every young man in Atlanta should become a capitalist," remarked a leading citizen yesterday.

"How is he going to do it?" asked a reporter with sudden interest.

"Nothing easier," was the reply. "I don't mean that the average young man can jump to a fortune, but I do mean that he can make himself comfortable, independent and a capitalist much easier in these days than it was for me when I started out in the world."

"Savings banks and the ordinary building and loan associations are good things in their way, but we now have something in Atlanta that fills the bill better than either of these institutions. The American Investment Company is the concern I have in my mind."

Suppose a young fellow, married or single, is working in a business here, getting a salary of \$50 or \$75 a month. It is safe to say that he will spend \$10 or \$20 of this salary for unnecessary luxuries and pleasures. If he is married he will get rid of a good share of it for board or house rent. Now, the first thing for him to do is to own a home. If he saves one cent he will have to pay a good deal more than the value. If he borrows the money to pay for it he will have to pay at least 12 per cent interest, and probably more. Clearly that won't do.

"But suppose he takes a few shares in the American Investment Company? The shares are \$100 each, but he can pay in monthly installments of \$2 per share. Fifty payments will secure a paid up certificate of stock, and after twelve payments a shareholder can withdraw the amount paid in with his share of the profits. That is better than a savings bank. He can do still better. He can get the company to build a home for him in any part of the city. All that he has to do is to make a small cash payment, and then pay the balance in installments suited to his circumstances, thus making the money that would otherwise be lost in rent go into the purchase of a home. For this accommodation he will only have to pay 8 per cent interest."

"Don't you see that this beats all the other methods of securing a home on easy terms? Any young man can become a property owner in a few years without perceptibly feeling any reduction in his income, if he is reasonably economical. Then look at the profits of the investment. The shareholder does not have to wait a long term of years for a dividend. The profits in this company will be frequently divided—whenever a dividend is desirable for the common good. In some cases the dividends have been known to run up to 50 per cent per annum. And the beauty of this system is that small investors enjoy the same advantages that men of large capital enjoy. The company has such a large and continuous income that it is able to buy lots much cheaper than individuals with limited means, and it is also able to build houses at a smaller cost, because it does what you might call a wholesale business in that line. In this way the company makes a legitimate profit to be distributed with the interest on its loans among the shareholders."

"If you will think over this plan a few minutes you will see that a young man on a small salary can go into the American Investment Company and make himself a capitalist. If he buys a home in this way, that is the first step in an independent career. If he simply saves his surplus money each month by investing it in shares he will, from time to time, at frequent intervals, draw dividends probably ranging from 25 to 50 per cent per annum. He will have the assurance that his money is secured by Atlanta dirt, the most profitable in the world, and by Atlanta homes, which are in such demand that it is impossible to supply all the home-seekers."

The managers of the American Investment Company and the incorporators are among the best known and most solid citizens of Atlanta. There are the last ten in the list.

a doubtful scheme, and instead of attempting to develop any particular part of the city, they will purchase property, improve it, and build on it in any quarter of Atlanta to suit the home-seeker. In my time I had no such opportunities. I had to save money, make risky investments, and it took years to save my first \$1,000. After that I got along well enough. The young man of today has no such hard road to travel. He can get into this great investment company for a mere song, for a little monthly pocket money, and be protected and amply secured, and own his own home or draw comfortable dividends without feeling that he has been put to any expense, and certainly without running any risk. He may not get very rich, but with such a start in life, he will soon be in very easy circumstances, if he has the industry and thrift of most of the young men of my acquaintance."

The old citizen's plain, common sense talk produced an impression.

"I spent \$5 a month for cigars," said one young man. "After this I'll quit smoking, put up \$4 more, and take five shares in the American Investment Company."

And I am throwing away \$25 a month on house rent," said a young clerk. "I have already paid out more than enough to have a pretty home. I shall go into the company at once. Why, it is almost like getting a home for nothing."

GEORGE MUSE & CO.,
One of the Largest Clothing Establishments
In the South.

Mr. George Muse, who has made both fame and fortune in the clothing business, has admitted to partnership Messrs. L. B. Parks and W. W. Orr. Mr. Muse is, perhaps, the best known clothier in Georgia. He has been in the business for several years, and worked energetically all the time, and there is scarcely a village or town in the state in which his name is not familiar. His success has been almost phenomenal. Young and of the strictest integrity, he has already made a reputation that would be an honor to any man. The New York Men's Outfitter, the largest and most influential clothing journal published in this vicinity, has the following about him: "Mr. Muse is a tireless worker, and has made a reputation not only in Georgia, but throughout the South as being one of the best clothing merchants in this country. Many people say he has the largest retail clothing business in the state of Georgia. He is a fine business man, and Atlanta should be proud to have him."

Mr. L. B. Parks is an expert in the clothing business. He has been with Mr. Muse for a number of years. His knowledge of the trade, steady habits and fine judgment will place him at once in the front ranks and make him a valuable member of the new firm.

The other partner, Mr. W. W. Orr, has the reputation of being perhaps the quickest and most accurate accountant in Atlanta. He will have charge of the books. No young man in Atlanta stands higher in the estimation of his people than he does. He is a born business man.

It is hardly worth while to wish this young firm success, as they enter the year with a prestige in business that is all that could be desired, but we can not resist the impulse to say, like Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

ONE OF THE HOBOES.

The Gang Is Broken Up and Will Holbrook
Is in a Reformatory.

"The 'Hoboes,' a gang of crooks that has been giving the police a great deal of trouble for a long time, is at last broken up. Patrolman Looney struck the fatal blow. And one of the leaders of the gang is now an inmate of the Louisville house of correction."

His name is Will Holbrook, a young man not twenty years of age. He was arrested about a week ago by Patrolman Looney, with Sergeant Osborne, clinched Holbrook in the act of stealing an overcoat at the National hotel, which has been a working center for the gang.

Holbrook was arrested, and the coat recovered and identified by the owner. This is the first clinching case that the police have been able to get on any of the crowd, though a great deal of thieves have been laid to their account.

Holbrook is very well connected in the city, and it was agreed by the police that he should not be prosecuted provided his friends placed him in a reformatory or house of correction at once. This was determined upon, and Tuesday last, Officer Jennings left for Louisville, Ky., with Holbrook in charge.

After considerable trouble Officer Jennings finally succeeded in having Holbrook admitted for a term of twelve months.

At first the superintendent of the institution refused to admit the young man because the reformatory was inaugurated for the city of Louisville only. Officer Jennings, however, visited each one of the reformatory directors and finally agreed to receive him, because he had lived with his mother in that city for a long time.

Since the arrest of young Holbrook the gang has been effectively scattered. The police have been working to break it up for a long while, and are now satisfied that they have succeeded.

The Youngest Stenographer in the World
From The Perin's Stenographer.

Louis Lively, of Atlanta, Ga., stenographer for the Columbus Buggy Company, of that place, and a Perin's writer, is a very interesting and above distinction. This little fellow is but twelve years old, and has been holding his position for some time. In response to a brief communication, the following letter from the type-writer, was received, which proves that Louis, in addition to being a good shorthand writer, has a knowledge of composition, is a good speller and a bright young fellow generally.

"I feel highly flattered and greatly encouraged by the receipt, this morning, of your kind letter, and I certainly appreciate your high opinion of my ability to master the art of shorthand at my tender age; but I attribute my success to the simplicity of the system I studied. My father has held a position on THE ATLANTA, for several years, and it was at his instance that I made the attempt to study stenography. His idea was that I could learn it in from six to eight months; but accidentally my system was thrown in my way, and while going to school, and devoting two hours twice a week to shorthand, I soon found myself sufficiently proficient to accept a position. My duties are not very arduous, my time not being employed all the time; in fact, these days in which I have nothing to do, I write only when I feel like it. I am capable of doing a great deal more than I am now doing, but I am content with a good employer, in fact he is a little too good, and he don't want me to do much work. I also write letters very often for the traveling men that come to see my employer."

THE OKEFENOKEE.
The Balance of the Purchase Money Paid
Yesterday.

A check for \$38,101.80.
That's what Captain Harry Jackson handed over the counter to Treasurer Bob Hardeman yesterday afternoon.

It was the balance of the purchase money—making, with the \$25,000 already paid, \$63,101.80 for the Okefenokee swamp.

The deed by the state to the Swanee Canal Company was then delivered to Captain Jackson, as the president of the company.

RAPID TRANSIT.

WHAT IT IS DOING FOR ATLANTA'S
SUBURBS.How West End Suffers by Not Having It—
Some Interesting Facts About the
Electric and Dummy Lines.

If there is one line of industry that is conspicuous for playing a greater part in the up-building of Atlanta than any other enterprise it is unquestionably the several systems of rapid transportation furnished by certain street railways.

To observe the annually increasing growth of the city, the fascinating development of her suburbs and the influx of population year after year and month after month, is to note with unquestioned acknowledgement how very much is due to the electric street railways and the dummy lines that are fast netting the city like a veritable cob-web from center to circumference.

Just what Atlanta would do without these systems of rapid transportation cannot easily be fancied, unless by contrasting the wonderful prosperity they carry with them to the sections of the city they traverse with the situation in other parts of Atlanta not so favored. Upon this basis the question is, indeed, rather difficult to contemplate.

One thing is certain, the dummy and the electric car are in great demand in every progressive city of the new south today, and no city with Atlanta's pluck and growth can do without them.

It is interesting in the extreme to follow a line of the electric lines in Atlanta, to view the clearly marked lines of progress and the evidences of rapid settlement that lie along the path of these winged motors from the heart of the city to the most distant suburban hilltop. The daily ride on the electric car is a horse car out of town and observe the rural scenery, and you are at once struck with the difference. It is truly wonderful.

Atlanta needs more electric cars, and a better system of rapid transportation.

The unbounded success of the lines now in operation proves the demand beyond the remotest shadow of a doubt.

Do they pay? Well, rather.

MR. PATTERSON TALKS.
"Our dummy line," said Mr. Patterson, of the Metropolitan Railway Company, yesterday, "was never in better shape."

"We are engaged in making very great extensions now, which we think will do more for Atlanta than any other agent at work for the city's prosperity."

"What are you doing?" he was asked.

"Going to Decatur, and going in a hurry, too. The track is down within three miles of Decatur, and will be ready to run in five days. Decatur is not being fertilized with dummy smoke from our engines. I warrant you my willingness to grease an iron rail and swallow it whole."

"We have already purchased every engine and every car necessary to operate the Decatur line, and feel no hesitation in saying that within five years as a passenger on board our line can never tell when he is out of Atlanta, or when he is in Decatur, for by that time the city will follow our line to the very gates of her enterprising little neighbor."

"What is your line doing for Atlanta?"

"Well, now, take for instance the land around Grant park. It was once on the market for \$2 and \$3 per acre. A horse car line was built there, and the price gradually crept up to \$10 per acre. Then we began to talk of building a dummy line out there. On the strength of the rumor the Grant land grew to be worth \$300 per acre, and it is now in demand at \$3,000 per acre."

"Prior street property has increased from 50 to 100 per cent. On the Decatur line there are already evidences of a speedy revolution in real estate matters. Oh, I tell you, it's the making of Atlanta, this rapid transportation."

ATLANTA TO THE BARRECKS.
Mr. Holbrook is very well connected in the city to the barracks, says the real estate interests along his railway route are already becoming full of life.

"We have graded all of the road, and will begin to lay the track next Monday morning. The cars will be run by power supplied by a plant which we will have constructed in a short time. Within sixty days the road will be in operation, and will develop one of the fairest suburbs around Atlanta."

This line will do much for the city.

THE EASTERN SUBURBS.
Everybody knows what the Atlanta and Eastern Electric Street Railway Company is doing.

There is not a more beautiful spot around Atlanta than Inman park, and not a grander suburb in the city than the one that has developed that entire region of Atlanta's suburbs.

And, everyone who has ever been a passenger on the Fulton County Electric line running around the nine mile circle has witnessed the amazing rapidity with which the surrounding lands are beginning to bloom like golden horseradish under the manipulation of capital and electric labor.

In fact, there is not a dummy line nor an electric railway in the city that is not carrying in its path prosperity to every section through which it passes.

THE HORSE-CAR LINES.
It is unfortunate that West End, the most attractive of Atlanta's suburban towns, has no better railway connection with the center of the city.

The Atlanta Street Railway Company seems to be blinded to its own interest in running horse cars to and from this, the liveliest and most progressive of Atlanta's neighboring towns. No evidence of any special improvements mark the route of this line, and instead of being better equipped from season to season to keep abreast with demands of transportation, the accommodations of the line seem to grow worse. The cars were formerly drawn by horses, but now they roll leisurely behind little western mules, requiring frequently nearly an hour to make the trip to West End.

The situation is a woeful one, and the people of West End had just reason to complain, they do, at being thrown at the mercy of such a railway. West End deserves better advantages.

It is easy to estimate the great possibilities of the western suburb of the city if a better system of transportation could be secured, and something ought surely to be done in this direction.

Manager and Star.—No actor who visits Atlanta is more popular than James O'Neill, who appears Monday night in the great play, "The Dead Heart." Even were he not so popular, with Sandford Cohen as his manager, Mr. O'Neill could not fail to make friends in the south. For the past month, the southern papers have been full of James O'Neill and "The Dead Heart." Sandy Cohen is well known all over the south as a great boomster and his popularity is in keeping with his booming quality. It is predicted that Sandy and his great star will have one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled in Atlanta. Sandy is a Georgia boy, and his friends are proud of his successful management.

Rev. W. D. Anderson, the new pastor of the First Methodist church, will occupy his pulpit both morning and evening today. Go and hear this able divine.

School Books and Supplies.
W. B. Glover & Co., 101 Whitehall street, corner Mitchell.

The plan of the American Investment Company commends itself to all desiring a safe and sure plan for small savings. Jas. L. Logan, Jr., Secretary, 13 N. Broad street.

School Books and Supplies.
W. B. Glover & Co., 101 Whitehall street, corner Mitchell.

Ryan's

THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS!

ALWAYS BUSY. NO DULL SEASON.

This Week Greater Bargains than Ever.

Tremendous Bargains in DRY GOODS!
Stupendous Bargains in CLOTHING!
Wonderful Bargains in SHOES!
Gigantic Bargains in CARPETS!
Attractive Bargains in HATS!

Double width wool Tricots, for dress goods, at 18c yard; worth 30c.
Double width Henrietta Cloths at 20c yard; worth 30c.
Double width all pure wool Serge at 31c. yard; worth 60c.
46-inch wool Dress Goods at 65c. yard; worth \$1.25.
54-inch Ladies Cloth at 75c. yard; worth \$1.50 yard.
All our Wool Underwear must be closed out within the next two weeks, so now is your chance to supply yourselves at your own prices.
Men's Camel Hair Shirts and Drawers only 33c. each.
Ladies' fine Lamb's Wool Vests and Pants only 50c. each; worth \$1.25.
Large size knotty-fringe Damask Towels only 25c. each; worth 50c.
Large size Bed Comforts only 50c. each.
62-inch double satin bleached Table Damask only 45c. yard; worth 75c.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT!

\$20,000 worth of new Embroideries just opened.
1,000 pieces Hamburg Edgings at 10c. a yard; worth 25c.
1,000 pieces Hamburg Edgings at 15c. yard; worth 35c.
Beautiful designs in Baby Edgings.
Exquisite matched sets in Cambric, Nainsook, Mull and Swiss.
750 pieces 45-inch hemstitched White Flouncings only 40c. yard; worth 75c.
800 pieces Colored Embroideries only 10c. yard; worth 40c.
500 pieces wide Torchon Lace at 7½c. yard; worth 25c. yard.
We are determined not to carry over a single suit of

MEN'S, YOUTHS' OR BOYS' CLOTHING!

Every suit of clothes in the store marked down to less than one-half the regular price. Now is your chance.
We will still continue to offer our world-renowned bargains in

SHOES

So come to the only house in the country that will sell you Shoes at a far less price than other shoe dealers pay for them.

CARPETS

Tapestry Brussels Carpets only 55c. yard; same as other houses advertise to cost 70c.
Hartford all wool, extra super Ingrain Carpets only 55c. yard.
Floor Oil Cloths only 35c. yard.
Dado Shades only 50c.
5-frame Body Brussels Carpets, with borders, only 90c.

ONE HUNDRED CASES NEW SPRING HATS!

Just opened. All the latest styles and newest shapes.

JOHN RYAN'S SONS

RADWAY'S PILLS

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Headache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Rheumatism, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand, act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For Congestion, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.

All Internal Pains, Diarrhoea, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and fully cured by taking inwardly 20 to 30 pills in half a tumbler of water. See a bottle. All Druggists.

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the cure of all Disorders of the Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price 25 cts. a bottle, sold by all Druggists. See 14-day sample in n. l. t. hand side.

1891.

We wish for all a bright and joyful New Year.

FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW.

and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Root of particular sent FREE.

PERFECTED CRYSTAL LENSES. Quality First and Always.

GOLD SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES. Beautiful designs and large stock. Will gladly exchange after gift is presented if desired.

PAUL KEMER, 101 N. W. COR. MOORE. Ophthalmic Optician.

THE NEW COMMISSIONERS.

The Three Sworn in for a Term of Four Years.

The three new county commissioners were sworn in on yesterday by Hon. John Tyler Cooper, clerk of the board.

They are James D. Collins, C. W. Hunnicutt and J. W. Nelms.

These new commissioners go in for a term of four years from the date of their commissions.

Mr. Collins and Mr. Hunnicutt are both old-timers, having done veteran service on the board.

Mr. Hunnicutt has been chairman of the board during the last term, and as a presiding officer has done the county of Fulton a world of faithful and efficient service.

Mr. Collins is the champion road and bridge builder, and his work in that direction has won for him the hearts of the county districts especially.

Dr. Nelms is the only new member, and he brings with him a splendid record, a faithful and energetic public service, which has entitled him to the high esteem in which he is held by the people of Fulton county.

These gentlemen take their seats and assist in the reorganization of the board on Wednesday next.

Mr. A. A. Murphy, the retiring member, made a fine record for himself during his term of office, and retires with the approval of the people on all his public actions.

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers.

We Wish You a Happy, Happy New Year. January, 1891! How the happy roll! April 3, 1880, we launched our name before the Atlanta public with the announcement that our stock was the largest in the city, our prices lower, our system more complete. We further announced that anything and everything usually kept in a first-class grocery store could be found at our store.

Since that time we have added all new desirable articles of time that have come to notice. We are safe in saying that we have enjoyed, during these four years, the largest retail trade of any grocery store in the south, who deal exclusively in groceries. Our recent Christmas trade was phenomenal. It exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Goods sold out fast, and money poured in. We were so successful, so successful with our past years, now for 1891. Do you want bargains? Do you want first-class groceries? If so, you can get both at our store. We are offering the finest, best quality of Jersey butter, worth 50 cents per pound, for 35 cents. Why pay 50 cents for a Jersey butter just because some name is printed across the top? This butter is nothing in a name. In this instance it is a loss of about 15 cents on every pound of butter sold. Now, my friends, come to our store, test our butter, and if it does not prove satisfactory do not buy it. We positively guarantee it to be the equal of any butter in the market sold for 50 cents per pound. Then again, we say to some of you, and with perfect deference, that you do not know what a fine quality tea until you have used our own brand Tea. It is absolutely without a rival here in all Atlanta. Do not be skeptical now, but test and try one-fourth of a pound. We state most emphatically that one-fourth of a pound, and if we made a practice of laying veils, we would cause our reputation that the quality would be whether at private residence or boarding house. Oh! the stuff that is sold for tea at some of our stores! They cannot help it, though; they are not judges, and it was sold by some gentlemanly judges, and it was sold by some gentlemanly judges, and it was sold by some gentlemanly judges.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Trochee" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

Phillips' Digestible Cocoa. Furnishes nutriment without digestion.

THE PENITENTIARY.

THE NEW PRINCIPAL KEEPER AND THE ASSISTANT KEEPER.

Colonel Jones a Farmer, Colonel Wright a Teacher, and Both Allancemen—Two Good Men.

The change in the penitentiary department is completed now.

Colonel George H. Jones, the new principal keeper, took the office of the executive mansion yesterday morning.

His bond being duly approved, "qualified" him in the legal sense.

Colonel R. F. Wright, the assistant principal keeper, was duly installed several days ago.

So that when the office of principal keeper changed hands yesterday, there was completed a general change in the department.

In the afternoon there was a long conference in the office of the principal keeper, Colonel Towers, Colonel Jones, Colonel Ed Shubrick and Colonel Wright were all present. It lasted until just before Colonel Towers's train left for Marietta.

"Well, fellows," said the retiring principal keeper to his successors, "you have all the information I can give you about the office, and you have my best wishes for a long and successful administration in the office."

The two shook hands heartily, like old acquaintances and warm friends, while Colonel Jones feelingly expressed his return of good wishes.

The transfer was complete.

Hon. George H. Jones, the new principal keeper was born in Gwinnett county in 1833, and has lived there ever since.

He has been all his life a well-to-do and progressive farmer.

He married first a daughter of Mr. Archibald Martin, of Gwinnett. His second wife was Miss Martin, a sister of his first wife.

Colonel Jones, after the death of his second wife, married Miss Lou Trammell, also of Gwinnett.

His war record is one of which the new principal keeper is naturally proud. He started out as a private in Company A of the famous Forty-second Georgia.

This company is the only one in which Colonel L. P. Thomas, of Atlanta, started out as captain.

Colonel Jones was soon detailed as a scout, and served in that capacity until the close of the war under Bragg, Johnston, Hood and Johnston again.

The penitentiary location kept the scout pretty well used to hard riding and to the constant use of his weapons. He was captured three times, but never went to prison.

One time he was captured almost in front of his father's house. He had been watching the enemy's line from Cross Keys to Pinckneyville, about six miles.

Nothing unusual had occurred, and Colonel Jones, in company with four other scouts, was going back to camp. The way led by his father's house and the other gentlemen called to them in passing to know the news.

They all halted at the gate. A ten-year-old brother of Colonel Jones was sitting on the gatepost, playing with a horse's head. Suddenly there was a volley of musketry, about 100 federal cavalrymen riding upon them.

The ten-year-old child was shot through the head and instantly killed.

It was a complete surprise, but the scouts—none of whom had been seriously hurt—started in orderly retreat, firing as they fell back. The enemy kept closing in at a hard gallop, keeping up the fire.

When they were almost upon the scouts, Colonel Jones's horse was shot down. As it fell, Colonel Jones stepped off, unharmed, his Burnside rifle which had seven cartridges in it. As he raised his rifle to his shoulder his horse staggered and fell. The scout's spur was caught in the bridle, and he was tipped over like a nine-pin.

"I never was so mad," said Colonel Jones, "before or since." He was captured again, but before he could get right-side-up again the scout was a prisoner, with no chance to shoot or run.

One man was left in charge of the prisoner. As the cavalry rode on after the other four scouts, the soldier left in charge of the captured scout began bucking a belt, knowing his horse was armed and dead.

In an instant the scout had leapt his captor a couple of blows that stretched him out in the road, and plunged into the woods.

The soldier's cry for help had been heard by the cavalry, and the entire command plunged in the woods after the scout that had escaped.

It was a race for life.

The scout followed a branch, with part of the cavalry on either side, and the race lasted for some time.

They finally rode on by, and the scout turned back and was safe.

Colonel Jones surrendered and was paroled at Kingston, Ga.

He represented Gwinnett county in the legislature in 1871 and 1872, and that district in the senate in 1888 and 1889.

Colonel R. F. Wright, of Elbert county, the new assistant principal keeper, was born in Newton county, in 1850. He is a son of Hon. Franklin Wright, of Covington.

Colonel Wright is a school teacher by profession.

He taught in the high school at Covington, Richmond Academy at Augusta, and for five years as principal of the high school at Elberton.

For the past six years he has given almost his whole time to his farm, but was connected with the penitentiary by holding the office of county school superintendent. He has been for some time the senior member of the Elberton insurance firm of Wright & Shannon, and is one of the county's most substantial and enterprising business men.

He has been largely engaged in farming for the past twelve years. Like Colonel Jones, he is an allanceman. He has represented Elbert county in the last two legislative conventions. He was one of the five representatives from Georgia to the national council at Ocala, Fla., in December.

He is also one of the five directors of the State Mutual Insurance company.

Colonel Wright married, in 1878, a daughter of Hon. U. O. Tate, one of the most prominent and influential citizens of Elbert county.

Pulmonary Diseases.

The lungs play a most important part in the machinery of life. It is essential that they should be kept in good repair. Nature has provided this by the use of the lungs, and the lungs are a wonderful and powerful organ. Many instances are on record where the lungs have been shot through with a leaden bullet and the wound quickly healed. Therefore none should despair when they discover that their lungs are affected. Frequently the lungs become sore and ulcerated, and are attended by a cough, and consumption and worthless remedies applied with serious results. When the lungs feel sore and breathing painful the proper remedy is to take a course of Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills. It is a powerful and reliable remedy to lead all ulcerations either internal or external. Many an invalid whose case was pronounced hopeless has been restored to vigorous health by the timely use of this excellent medicine. If you will not try this remedy you have only yourself to blame if you do not get well.

Sunday School Convention.

The fourth quarterly convention of Fulton County Sunday School Association will be held at the Church of the Redeemer, corner Ellis and Church streets, on Wednesday, January 7th, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m.

One of the special attractions of this convention will be the singing of the infant class of the First Baptist Sunday school. The subject for discussion will be "The Teacher." W. F. Finkner will open the discussion, to be followed in short talks by members of the convention. All interested in the work are cordially invited.

Don't forget to send in your report.

A child cannot tell what ails it. A shrewd mother, however, can tell. You will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Church of the Redeemer, West End, near the depot, at 10 o'clock a. m.

First Presbyterian church, corner Fair and Walnut streets—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young people's meeting every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. People's Christian Endeavor Society at 4 p. m. All are cordially invited.

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